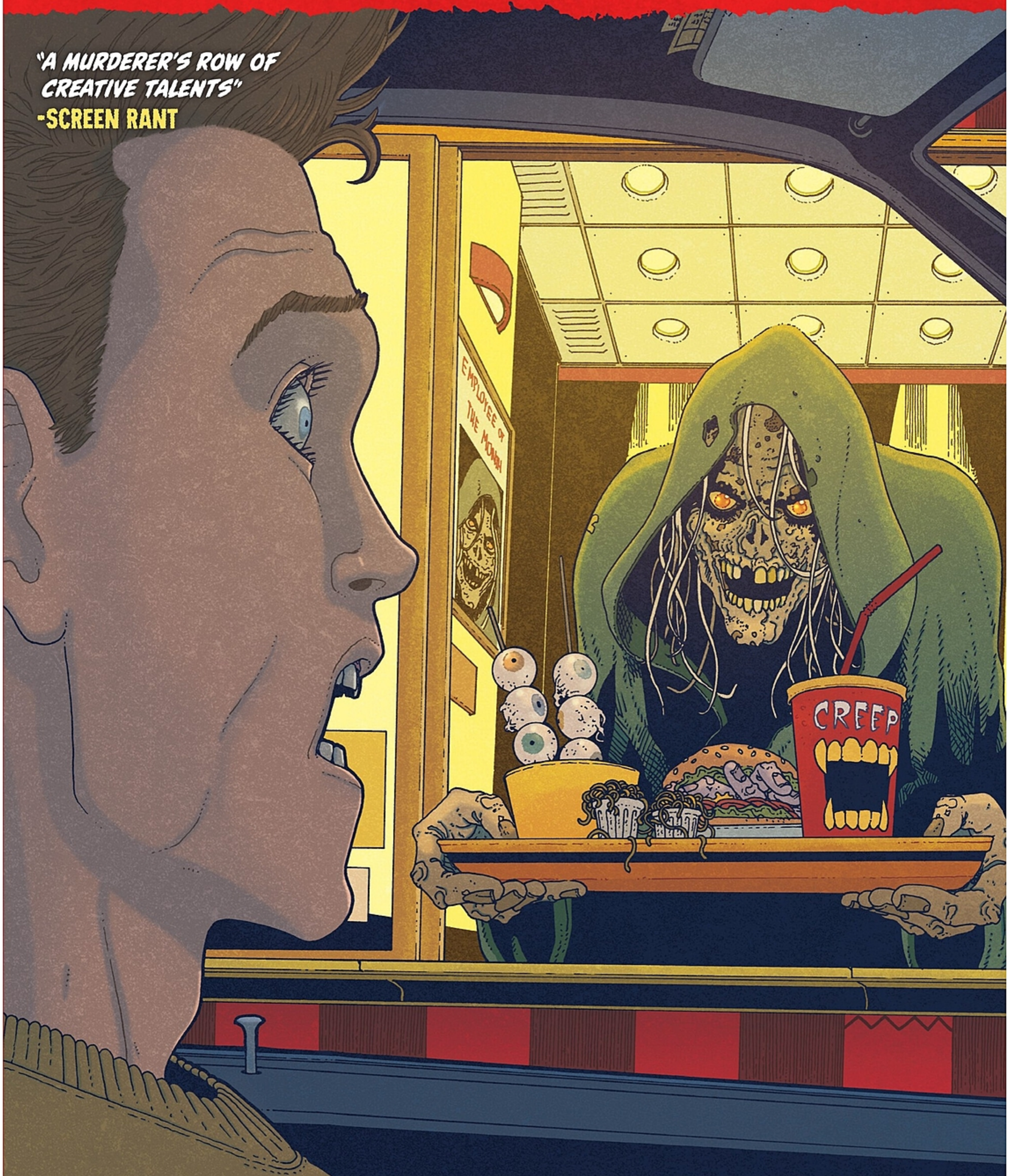
CREEPSHOW™

TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!!! VOL. 3

"A MURDERER'S ROW OF CREATIVE TALENTS"
-SCREEN RANT



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CREEPSHOW™

STRANGE, EERIE, TERRIFYING!

CREEPSHOW™

FEATURING!

"LET 'ER TRIP"
CHIP ZDARSKY ..... WRITER
KAGAN McLEOD ..... ARTIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"SCRIMSHAW"
JAMES STOKOE ..... WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER

"THE LAST SLEEPOVER!"
EUGENIO MIRA ..... WRITER
JORGE FORNÉS ..... ARTIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE ..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

"TRIGGER WARNING"
JOHN RIDLEY ..... WRITER
STEFANO RAFFAELE ..... ARTIST
ROMULO FAJARDO JR. ..... COLORIST
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"THE MURDER VARIANT"
CHRIS CONDON ..... WRITER
MARTÍN MORAZZO ..... ARTIST
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PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

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ED BRISSON ..... WRITER
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ISAAC GOODHART ..... ARTIST
MIQUEL MUERTO ..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSEAU ..... LETTERER

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MARTÍN MORAZZO & CHRIS O'HALLORAN ..... COVER
BEN ABERNATHY ..... EDITOR
JILLIAN CRAB ..... DESIGNER
RICHARD MERCADO ..... PRODUCTION
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CARTEL

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"LET 'ER TRIP"

WRITER
CHIP ZDARSKY

ARTIST
KAGAN McLEOD

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

YOU MAY FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT I'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF ***WARPING YOUNG MINDS*** MANY A TIME!

BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING ON OUR OLD FRIEND, THE ***"MAGICAL FUNGUS"***, WHO TAKES CENTER STAGE IN UNSUSPECTING, VULNERABLE BRAINS IN A STORY I LIKE TO CALL...

MARY WAS ALWAYS SO...CREATIVE. HER IMAGINATION RAN WILD.

I LOVED HER, BUT I COULD NEVER ***RELATE.***

I LIKED THINGS TO BE CALM AND UNDERSTANDABLE. ANYTHING ELSE HURT MY HEAD.

I ***LOVED*** HER, BUT I COULDN'T ***UNDERSTAND*** MY DAUGHTER...

...AND THEN, ONE DAY, SHE WAS ***GONE.***

WE WERE ANGRY, WE MOURNED, BUT SHE WASN'T DEAD.

HER FATHER SUNK INTO DEPRESSION. I WAS TOO ANGRY TO SINK WITH HIM...

...SO I DECIDED TO TAKE *ACTION.*

LOOK, MS. MILLER--

MRS. MILLER.

MRS. MILLER. YOUR DAUGHTER'S EIGHTEEN, THIS ISN'T A KIDNAPPING.

I DON'T LIKE THAT WEIRD *"GURU-LA"* AND HIS *"HIGHER HEART"* CULT EITHER.

EVERYONE KNOWS THEY'RE A DRUG SUPPLIER FOR THE REGION, BUT UNTIL WE GET ACTUAL PROOF...

LOOK, YOUR KID'S JUST GOING THROUGH A PHASE, LIKE EVERY KID DOES. ACTING OUT, IN WITH A BAD CROWD...

...SHE'LL MOVE ON SOON ENOUGH.

I NEVER WENT THROUGH A "PHASE". I NEVER "ACTED OUT"...

...IN FACT, THIS MAY BE THE FIRST TIME...

...THAT I'VE EVER *TRESPASSED.*

HIGHERMIND

HIGHER HEART

YOU ARE HERE

C OOL BUS

--HE LIFTS US UP, HE SHOWS THE WAYYY--

...HE GIVES US SONG THROUGH NIGHT AND--

MARY...

...PLEASE JUST HEAR ME OUT.

M-MOM?

WE NEED TO GO, HONEY. YOUR FATHER AND I MISS YOU AND THIS PLACE IS--

IS WHAT? "A FANTASY"? "A CULT"?

THIS IS FREEDOM! AND LOVE! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU'RE SO DAMNED ***REPRESSED,*** IT KILLS YOU TO SEE ANYONE ACTUALLY ***LIVING!***

I SHOULD HAVE JUST LISTENED. I SHOULD HAVE LET HER SAY HER PIECE, NO MATTER HOW DELUDED.

THIS--THIS ISN'T LIVING! YOU CAN'T JUST FLOAT THROUGH LIFE--***HIGH***--IGNORING ALL THE RULES!

RULES KEEP US SAFE! THEY KEEP THINGS...THE ***BAD THINGS...***

--IN CHECK SO--*HN!*

HOW GREAT WOULD IT BE TO HAVE NO RESPONSIBILITIES?

BUT PEOPLE RELY ON US.

DAN RELIES ON ME. WORK RELIES ON ME.

MARY RELIES ON ME...

NHHH...
A TRESPASSER.
...DOESN'T SHE?
AN *INTERLOPER.*
YOU'LL BE GROGGY FOR A WHILE. MY CHILDREN HERE GAVE YOU SOMETHING TO CALM YOU DOWN...
LEAVE US BE.
YES, *GURU-LA.*
NHH...I'M WARNING YOU, "GURU-LA"...
...YOU BETTER LET ME GO! ME *AND* MY DAUGHTER!
YOU MAY NOT HAVE KIDNAPPED HER, BUT YOU'RE HOLDING *ME* AGAINST MY WILL...
...AND I *WILL* CALL THE COPS, AND...AND...
...WAIT...
...*GARY?* IS THAT YOU?
HOLY SHIT, *JANE MILLER?*
JEEZ, YOU LOOK FANTASTIC! HOW'S THE OFFICE? HOW'S DAN?
DAN BARELY SPEAKS SINCE OUR DAUGHTER JOINED YOUR-- YOUR CULT!
WHOA, WHOA, LET'S NOT THROW AROUND THE C-WORD, OKAY?
YOU LEFT FOR VACATION *THREE YEARS AGO,* GARY! WHAT ON EARTH IS HAPPENING?!
THE VACATION NEVER ENDED!
I WENT SOUTH FOR SOME FUN AND SUN, BUT THEN I MET A GUY AND--
JANE, I TOOK SOME *MUSHROOMS* FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE...

"...AND IT *CHANGED MY LIFE.* EXPANDED MY MIND!

"THESE MUSHROOMS WERE *SPECIAL.* THE GUY WHO SOLD THEM TO ME STOLE THEM FROM A LAB WHERE THEY *PERFECTED* THEM!

"THE WORLD NEEDED TO EXPERIENCE THIS...

"...AND I NEEDED TO, YOU KNOW, GET *RICH* FROM IT.

"I CAME BACK WITH A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, JANE..."

...AND I BOUGHT A LOT OF COOL STUFF! A LOT OF MY FOCUS HAS BEEN ON ONLINE AUCTIONS LATELY.

LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE MAD ABOUT YOUR SARA--

MARY!

MARY, SURE. BUT SHE'S *FREE,* JANE. SHE HAS A LIGHT AND SPIRIT IN HER...

...AND YOU DO, TOO. YOU WERE ALWAYS SUCH A STICK-IN-THE-MUD AROUND THE OFFICE.

REMEMBER WHEN CYNTHIA TOOK THOSE ENVELOPES FOR HER CHRISTMAS CARDS AND YOU RATTED HER OUT?

MAN, THAT JUST WASN'T COOL. WHY'D YOU EVEN *DO* THAT?

I...IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT. THERE ARE RULES.

IF WE JUST DID--DID WHAT WE WANTED...

...EVERYTHING WOULD FALL APART.

IT WON'T! THIS PLACE RUNS LIKE CLOCKWORK!

EVERYONE CHIPS IN, EXCEPT FOR ME, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I GIVE THEM WHAT THEY TRULY NEED...

...AND WHAT *YOU* TRULY NEED.

THAT YOU HELPFULLY SWALLOWED WHILE WE HAD YOU DOPED UP...

W-WHAT...?

GARY... WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?

I FREED YOUR MIND! IT SHOULD BE KICKING IN JUST ABOUT...

...NOW.

MARY WAS SO CREATIVE AS A KID, ALWAYS IMAGINING NEW WORLDS...

JUST LET IT WASH OVER YOU, MAN...TRUST ME...

...I TOLD MYSELF THAT I COULDN'T RELATE. BUT THE TRUTH IS...

...I HAD WORLDS INSIDE ME, AS WELL. WORLDS I PUSHED DOWN. I *COULD* RELATE...

...BUT I WAS SCARED OF THOSE WORLDS.

HOLY *SHIT...*

I SHOULDA LOWERED MY DOSAGE--

--GK!!

GURU-LA?! WHAT'S--

OH MY GOD...

MY CO-WORKERS, MY HUSBAND, MY DAUGHTER...

...THEY ALL ***LAUGH*** AT ME. BEHIND MY BACK, AND EVEN TO MY FACE.

THEY TELL ME THAT I'M "REPRESSED".

THEY TELL ME "TO LOOSEN UP".

BUT THEY WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF THEY KNEW WHAT WAS INSIDE ME.

IT'S A GREAT DAM AND I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE MAKING IT STRONG.

BUT IT STARTS AS A CRACK...

...AND BECOMES A *TSUNAMI.*

AHHHH!!

PLEASE OH GOD PLEASE--

I WATCHED MY DAUGHTER PAINT HER WORLDS...

DO YOU LIKE IT, MOMMY?

...AND I HELD THE DAM IN CHECK...

...I HELD IT IN CHECK.

M-M-MOM...?

OH, SWEET MARY, I WON'T HURT YOU...

...NOT WHEN WE HAVE SO MUCH **WORK** TO DO...

...TO FREE EVERYONE'S MINDS.

AHH, A MOTHER'S LOVE UNLEASHED! IS THERE ANYTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL?

AN EXPANDED MIND CAN BE A WONDERFUL THING...

...UNLESS THAT MIND IS JUST WAITING... AND WAITING... TO *KILL.*

END!

"SCRIMSHAW"

WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER

JAMES STOKOE

AHOY THERE, KIDDIES!

BEST BRING YOUR RUBBER BOOTS FOR THIS NEXT TALE, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE WADING THROUGH SHORES OF **GORE** BEFORE THE END!

A FRIGHTENING FISHERMAN'S YARN THAT IS SURE TO **CATCH** YOU... BUT NEVER **RELEASE!**

THERE'S PLENTY OF BLOOD IN THE WATER IN A LITTLE TALE I LIKE TO CALL...

SCRIMSHAW

PUB

THE CUTTY SARK EST. 1872

SO, I HEAR YOU HAVE A STORY TO TELL?

...

MIGHT DO. BUT WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

I'VE ASKED AROUND, AND EVERY PERSON I'VE CHATTED WITH SENT ME AROUND TO TALK TO **YOU.**

MIND IF I HAVE A SEAT?

AH, THERE'S THAT SMALL TOWN CHARM. LET'S CUT RIGHT TO THE CHASE, THEN.

I'M A REPORTER FROM THE **JOURNAL**, OVER ON THE MAINLAND. MY BUSINESS COLUMN IS WIDELY READ BY A LOT OF HIGH-END INVESTORS, HOUSING DEVELOPERS AND THE LIKE...

...PEOPLE WHO REALLY HAVE THE **PULL** TO TURN A STRUGGLING COMMUNITY LIKE THIS AROUND.

...

"STRUGGLING", HUH?

WELL, IT'S NOT EXACTLY LIKE IT'S A BEACON OF CIVILIZATION OUT HERE, IS IT?

I HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE BRAND OUTLET SINCE I LANDED! NO FOUR STAR HOTELS, NO FITNESS CENTERS, **NOTHING!**

PLAY IT RIGHT AND THIS TIME NEXT YEAR YOUR TOWN WILL HAVE JOINED US IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY, AND YOU'LL BE GETTING MILLION DOLLAR OFFERS FOR YOUR OCEAN VIEW SHACK.

BUT, WHAT I NEED FROM YOU FIRST IS A LITTLE... **LOCAL COLOR.** SOME TOWN HISTORY, LOCAL LEGENDS, JUNK LIKE THAT.

AND THAT'S WHAT FOLKS CONSIDER A GOOD STORY THESE DAYS?

COULD BE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OH, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A STORY, THEN I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU.

THE **ONLY** STORY THAT MATTERS. BUT FIRST...

THE MONEY-HEADS LOVE A BIT OF AUTHENTICITY IN THEIR INVESTMENTS THESE DAYS...

...OR AT LEAST THE **ILLUSION** OF IT.

IT WAS A FEW SEASONS AGO...

I WAS STILL POTTING LOBSTER BACK THEN, BUT THE CATCH THAT SUMMER WAS DRY.

REAL DRY, LIKE THE SEA HAD FINALLY DECIDED THAT SHE WAS THROUGH WITH US BEING ON HER TEET.

I WAS OUT REBAITING MY TRAPS WHEN I FOUND I **HAD** MADE MYSELF A CATCH...

...WASN'T NO **LOBSTER,** THOUGH.

NOW, I'D BEEN WORKING THESE SHORES SINCE THE **DEAD SEA** WAS STILL **SICK,** AND I'D SEEN ALL MANNER OF ODD THINGS FIND THEIR WAYS INTO A TRAP.

A TOURIST GOES DIVING AND GETS HIT BY A PROP COMING UP? HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, IT'S NO CAUSE TO BE SQUEAMISH...

...EXCEPTIN' FOR WHAT WAS ETCHED INTO THE **BONE.**

THE WORDS.

THEY TOLD THE STORY OF **THE NAVIGATOR:** A MAN RAISED BY THE SAIL, WHO KNEW THE NAME OF EVERY WAVE AND BOWED HIS HEAD TO EACH GUST OF WIND.

BUT, **THE SEA** HAD TURNED CRUEL AT HIS RESPECT AND SENT A STORM TO CATCH HIM, JUST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

THE NAVIGATOR CALLED IN EVERY FAVOR FROM THE WAVES AND THE WINDS HE HAD POCKETED OVER A LIFETIME UNDER THE MAST, BUT NO MATTER WHAT RUSE OR CLEVER TRICK HE EMPLOYED TO GET HIM CLOSER TO SHORE, THE SEA WOULD FIND A WAY TO PUSH HIM BACK OUT TO THE DEEP.

UNTIL...

...THE STORY ENDED MID JOURNEY, CUT CLEAN AS THE BONE IT WAS WRITTEN ON.

IT WAS... MADDENING.

WEEKS WENT BY. THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND AN OWNER FOR THE LOST ARM, SO IT WAS WRITTEN OFF AS AN OUTSIDE ACCIDENT AND FORGOTTEN ABOUT.

THE STORY, THOUGH...

...THE FATE OF THE GOD-SPURNED MARINER HAD STUCK IN MY MIND LIKE A STUBBORN SPLINTER WHEN THE SKIN'S GROWN OVER.

I COULDN'T SHAKE THE NOTION THAT I'D BEEN CHEATED OUT OF AN ENDING.

IT'D BE ON ANOTHER NIGHT THAT I'D GET A NEW CHAPTER OF THE NAVIGATOR'S TALE...

?

SKKKRRTCHHHH

SKKKRRRRTCHH

WHO'S THERE ?!

SSKKRRIITTCCHH

SKRTCHH

WHA-
WHAT?!

!! YES!!

TH-THANK YOU!!

FINALLY! I'D GOTTEN ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE POOR NAVIGATOR'S STRUGGLE, HIS ATTEMPTS TO REACH HIS HOME SHORES MORE DARING, MORE DESPERATE!

EVERY TIME HE THOUGHT LAND WAS IN HIS GRASP, THE SEA WOULD PLAY A NEW CRUEL TWIST OF FATE AND DRAG HIM BACK OUT TO HER FREEZING EMBRACE.

AND ONCE AGAIN, THE STORY WAS CUT SHORT.

I HATED AND SHOUTED CURSES AT THE WRETCHED BEAST THAT RATIONED OUT ITS TALE, EVEN AS I DAMNED SLEEP AND SPENT COUNTLESS NIGHTS WALKING THE SHORE, EYES LOCKED ON THE SHALLOWS HOPING FOR A SIGHT OF THE GRUESOME STORYTELLER.

AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY OF FRUITLESS EVENINGS, THE DAWN FINALLY ROSE UP...

...IT WAS THE BONE! THE MEDIUM OF THAT ACCURSED SCRIMSHANDER!

HOW COULD THE MASTER-PIECE EVER REACH AN ENDING WITHOUT THE RAW MATERIAL NEEDED TO DO SO?

I STARTED SMALL, BAITING MY TRAPS WITH OFFERINGS OF RATS, SQUIRRELS OR RACCOONS.

WHEN THOSE MORSELS WERE REJECTED, NEIGHBORHOOD PETS FOUND THEMSELVES IN THEIR STEAD...

... BUT, I WAS THE PATRON OF A FICKLE ARTIST WHO ONLY PAINTED WITH A PARTICULAR BRUSH.

...AN' SHE SAYS 'YER STORY'S GOT MORE HOLES IN IT THAN YER SKIFF!'

HYUK!

YA BELIEVE THAT?! THASSA FISHERMAN'S WIFE FOR YA!

HYUK!

LIKE, I CAN'T EVEN **LOOK** AT JIGGLY OL' MOLLY MACLEAN WIFOUT GETTIN' BRAINED BY A FRYIN' PAN!

ISH FUGGIN'... CARTOONISH!

...WAIT, I THOUGHT WE WAS GETTIN' MO' BOOZE?

WHATDAFUG WE DOIN' OUT HERE?

SLOOSH!

I FELT MY HANDS BEGIN TO TREMBLE AS I WATCHED THE SCRIMSHANDER EXPERTLY CARVE OUT A NEW CHAPTER.

WITH THE BOUNTY OF MATERIAL I HAD PROVIDED, I IMAGINED SWIMMING IN ITS FRESH PASSAGES FOR WEEKS TO COME.

SKRRT

CH!

SURELY IT WOULD BE ENOUGH TO DETAIL THE FINAL FATE OF THE BRILLIANT NAVIGATOR?

SK KRT CH!!

IT WAS SO MADDENINGLY CLOSE!

THE ANTICIPATION WAS TOO GREAT AND MY HASTE GOT THE BETTER OF ME...

HISS

SLS

greedy greedy

N--

NO!!

W-WAIT!!

YOU AREN'T FINISHED !!

YOU AREN'T FINISHED!

THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF THE WRETCHED CREATURE.

I WALKED THE BEACH EVERY NIGHT FOR WEEKS AFTER, BUT I KNEW IT WOULD NEVER WRITE ANOTHER WORD OF THE NAVIGATOR'S TALE FOR ME AGAIN.

UHHHH HUH.

WELL, NOT EXACTLY THE STORY I WAS LOOKING FOR. NOT SURE IF ANYONE WILL WANT TO INVEST IN AN ISLAND THAT DOUBLES AS A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Sigh

I'M SURE THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO WANTS TO MAKE MONEY, BUT THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR WASTING MY TIME!

HEH! HEH!

HEH!

AND YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS IT, DIDYA? THE STORY?

WHEN YOU CAME IN TONIGHT, I PROMISED YOU ONE.

THE ONLY STORY THAT MATTERS.

THOUGH, I MUST ADMIT THAT IT'S A WORK IN PROGRESS.

OH MY GOD!! WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF ?!

THE STORY NEEDED A NEW HAND TO PEN IT, SON!

IF THE GHOUL WOULDN'T DO IT, WHO BETTER THAN ME?

I LIVE WITH IT EVERY MOMENT OF EVERY DAY!

?! WHAT?! NO! GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME!

EVERY GOOD PIECE OF WRITING HAS ITS WAY OF MAKING FANS!

I HOPE YOU'LL BECOME ONE, TOO!

WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR AN ENDING...

...IT'S SO CLOSE NOW!

JUST A FEW MORE CUTS, I CAN FEEL IT!

NOW THERE'S A DEAD-LINE OUR REPORTER WON'T BE MISSING!

Heh Heh Heh!

"THE LAST SLEEPOVER!"

WRITER
EUGENIO MIRA

ARTIST
JORGE FORNÉS

COLORIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

FAKE SPIDER WEBS, SPOOKY PLASTIC MASKS, JACK-O-LANTERNS ON EVERY PORCH, AND LOOOOTS OF CANDY IN YOUR BAG! WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE ABOUT HALLOWEEN, YOU LITTLE SNOTTY CREEPS?

AS WE WILL LEARN TONIGHT, NOT ALL TRICK-OR-TREATERS ARE AS KEEN ON SWEET TREATS AS ONE MAY THINK...

...BUT DON'T BE TRICKED! CHILDREN FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE WORLD WOULD ***KILL*** FOR THIS NIGHT TO LAST ***FOREVER.***

SO DON'T BE A DRAG, DRESS UP LIKE YOUR MONSTER OF CHOICE, AND GET READY TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT WITH YOUR FRIENDS BECAUSE...YOU NEVER KNOW! THIS COULD BE...

THE LAST SLEEPOVER!

THIS RAIN SUCKS ***ASS!***

I KNOW IT'S POURING, HONEY...AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT, SO FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THINGS HOLY... ***STOP*** COMPLAINING!

BUT MY MAKEUP IS MELTING, MA! WE SHOULD'VE TAKEN THE CAR.

THE CAR? JESUS, IT'S JUST A TWO MINUTE WALK, MO!

DING DONG!

WHATEVER...

DON'T YOU ***EVER*** DARE TO "WHATEVER" ME AGAIN! YOU LITTLE PUNK-ASS BAS--

CREEEEK!

HEEEEEY!!!!

OH MY GOD, MORRIS. LOOK AT THAT SWEET MUMMY BOY! ***SO*** CUTE! COME ON IN!

LOOK WHO'S HERE, GUYS!

HEY.

HEY.

THANK YOU FOR TAKING CARE OF MORRIS. AND SORRY WE GOT HERE LATE.

AND HERE I THOUGHT *WE* WERE LATE.

THANK YOU, BUT I'M STUFFED FROM ALL THEM GODDAMNED CANDIES! JEEZ, I GOTTA GO...

FORGET ABOUT IT, DEAR! LOOK, TONIGHT I'M JUST GOING TO GO WITH THE FLOW, YOU KNOW? I MEAN... COME ON, THE HUDSON KIDS HAVEN'T SHOWED UP YET.

I KNOW! CALLED THEM FIVE MINUTES AGO BUT NOBODY PICKED UP THE PHONE. ANYWAY...PIZZA JUST GOT DELIVERED! DO YOU WANT A BITE? YOU CAN TAKE IT TO GO...

SORRY, DID I HEAR "PIZZA"? I'M STARVING!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

ARE YOU SERIOUSLY GOING TO EAT THE WHOLE PIZZA BY YOURSELF?

YEAH, LEAVE SOMETHING FOR KENNY AND DARLA, WOULD YOU?

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? THERE'S NO WAY THEY'RE STILL COMING!

UH, OH =CHOMP= YOU LOOK...=CHOMP= DISAPPOINTED.

PIZZA

PIZZA

COME ON, EVERYBODY AT SCHOOL KNOWS YOU WANTED DARLA HUDSON TO COME TONIGHT *SO* BADLY.

WAIT, THAT'S WHAT THIS SLEEPOVER IS ALL ABOUT, RIGHT? DUDE, ARE YOU DATING HER OR SOMETHING?

HAHAHA! DATING HER...IN HIS DREAMS!

SHUT UP, EMMA. WE'RE NOT...

OH MY GOD... YOU WERE GOING TO ASK HER TONIGHT? IS THAT IT? HOLY MOLY, DUDE. THAT'S SOOOO GRODY!

DING DONG

EASY, COWBOY...

TIMMY, WHAT THE HECK?!

JESUS... WHAT TIME IS IT?

TIMMY... TIMMY, WAIT!!

CREEEEK!

"GIVE US A TREAT...OR WE'LL PAY YOU A TRICK."

WOOO

WELL, WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE. SPOOKY COSTUMES! WHERE'S YOUR DAD?

PARKING.

HE JUST DROPPED US OFF.

OH...

SHALL WE COME IN?

HAHA! THAT'S A CREEPY VOICE, "COUNT KENNY."

WAIT. I GOT THIS... "AS THE RIGHTFUL OWNER OF THIS HOUSE I...HEREBY INVITE YOU BOTH INTO THIS HUMBLE HOME".

THANKS.

YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME, *MADAME.*

...LET'S TRY TO FIND THE AMULET...

...AND LET'S GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!

HEY, GUYS. DON'T BE SILLY. YOU KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP YOUR MASKS ON ALL NIGHT, RIGHT?

WE DO.

KENNY, COME ON. CUT THE CRAP AND TAKE IT OFF.

EVENTUALLY.

WHATEVER, MAN. BY THE WAY...YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOUR PIZZA. DO YOU MIND IF I...?

MY MAN!

I SEE YOU GUYS HAVE MADE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

ACTUALLY...EXCUSE ME, COULD I USE THE BATHROOM?

SURE! IT'S UPSTAIRS. COME WITH ME.

MOM!

SO...IF YOU DON'T MIND, MOMMY IS GONNA TAKE A WELL DESERVED LITTLE NAP. ANYWAY, I'LL LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN, JUST IN CASE YOU NEED ANYTHING FROM ME, OKAY?

WHAT, HONEY?

AAAAAAH!!! DO IT! DO IT!

NOTHING...

KICK HIM IN THE NARDS!!!

COME ON! IT'S CLEARLY A RIP OFF OF *THE GOONIES,* ONLY WITH MOVIE MONSTERS INSTEAD OF... DEAD PIRATES? SO STUPID.

OKAY, Y'ALL. SHIT IS ABOUT TO GET ***REAL.***

THIS MOVIE IS TERRIBLE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S NOT STUPID! I LOVE IT.

WHATEVER...

WHAT IS THAT?

THUMP!

OH...*THAT* MOVIE. FORGET ABOUT IT. MY MOTHER WOULD KILL US IF SHE...

THE LOST BOYS. I "BORROWED" IT FROM MY BROTHER'S PRIVATE COLLECTION.

HAHAHA! HELLO? SANTA CARLA, *MURDER CAPITAL OF THE WORLD?*

COME ON! COREY FREAKING FELDMAN, ANYONE?

SLEEP ALL DAY... PARTY ALL NIGHT...

DON'T YOU DARE. MORRIS, STOP IT!

YOU'LL NEVER GROW OLD, YOU'LL NEVER...

THUMP!

MOM?!!!

WHAT?!!

THUD!

HIIISSSSSSS!!

OH GOD! OH GOD!

AAAHHHH!

HIISSSSSSS!!

STOMP!

OH GOD!

SCHLIP!

CRASH!

HIISSSSSSS!!

COME ON...

CLICK!!

KOSHH!!

WELL. THAT WAS CERTAINLY... UNFORESEEABLE.

NONETHELESS, THIS IS ONLY ONE MORE IN A SERIES OF TURNS OF EVENTS TONIGHT, I MUST RECKON. WE NEVER MEANT TO INTRUDE IN YOUR HOME, TIMMY.

THE HUDSONS SUFFICED TO PLACATE OUR THIRST...

BUT WHEN MY ILL-FATED COMPANION GLEANED FROM DARLA AND HIS BROTHER THEY WERE MEANT TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, HE COULDN'T RESIST.

DON'T CRY, TIMMY. I MADE CERTAIN DARLA DIDN'T SUFFER. YOU KNOW SHE BEGGED ME NOT TO KILL YOU?

THAT LEAVES BOTH OF US WITH A DILEMMA. ON ONE HAND, I COULD END YOUR SORROW NOW, AGAINST DARLA'S DYING WISH. *OR...*

SINCE YOU'VE DEPRIVED ME OF MY LONGTIME COMPANION PERHAPS YOU WOULD MAKE AN ENDEARING SURROGATE. YOUR CHOICE...

I...I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.

I SEE.

TIMMY COULD'VE BEEN THE PERFECT DESSERT FOR SUCH A DELIGHTFUL TREAT, BUT, INSTEAD, HE SUCCUMBED TO BE TRICKED INTO LIVING AMONG THE UNDEAD, IN WHAT UNBEKNOWNST TO HIM, ENDED UP BECOMING...

AN ETERNAL, SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

THE END...?

"TRIGGER WARNING"

WRITER
JOHN RIDLEY

ARTIST
STEFANO RAFFAELE

COLORIST
ROMULO FAJARDO JR.

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

S'UP, FELLOW HIP GEN ZERS? WAS JUST CHECKING UP ON ALL MY SOCIALS.

YOU KNOW SOME PEOPLE--AND BY "SOME PEOPLE" I MEAN OUT OF TOUCH BOOMERS--THINK SOCIAL MEDIA IS BAD FOR YOU.

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU OLD PEOPLE ARE "WHACK".

ALTHOUGH, THIS STORY DOES COME WITH A...

TRIGGER WARNING

I'M TELLING YOU FOR REAL: THE REASON THE KINGSWOOD PROJECTS ARE ABANDONED IS 'CAUSE THEY'RE HAUNTED.

KIDS WERE DISAPPEARING FROM THE JOINT LIKE CRAZY. NEVER SEEN AGAIN. WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM...NOBODY KNOWS.

MAKE SURE YOU CHECK BACK FOR MORE OF MY URBAN LEGENDS. NOT TRYING TO SCARE Y'ALL, BUT THERE'S A REASON MY POSTS COME WITH A TRIGGER WARNING.

DAAAAMN, MAN. MY POST IS BLOWING UP. ALREADY GOT EIGHTY-FOUR SHARES, AND A HUNDRED-THIRTY-SIX LIKES.

ANYBODY CAN GET "LIKES" WITH THAT CRAP YOU'RE SLINGING, TRE.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH MY POST?

BLACK AND BROWN KIDS GOING MISSING IS NO JOKE. BUT YOU GO MAKING UP STORIES, SLAP SOME "TRIGGER WARNING" ON 'EM LIKE THEY'RE REAL JUST SO YOU CAN GET SOME LIKES?

THAT'S SOME SICK SHIT.

IT'S JUST A SOCIAL POST, MARCUS. COULD YOU, MAYBE, QUIT BEING EXTRA?

HOW ABOUT YOU MIND YOURS, DANIELLE. ***SERIOUS.*** WITH YOUR PEN AND PAPER...PLAYING LIKE YOU'RE OCTAVIA BUTLER.

YOU KNOW WHAT, MARCUS--

I ***KNOW*** I GREW UP AROUND THE KINGSWOOD PROJECTS. THEY WERE NOTHING TO LAUGH AT.

YOU EVER EVEN BEEN DOWN TO KINGSWOOD, TRE?

I...

YOU WOULDN'T LAST A MINUTE IN THAT PLACE.

WANNA BET?

FIFTY SAYS YOU CAN'T MAKE IT A NIGHT.

IGNORE THE BOY, TRE. YOU GOT NOTHING TO PROVE.

'CEPT THAT HE'S NOT A BITCH.

KNOW WHAT, MARCUS? YOU NEED TO MIND YOUR WORDS.

FORGET HIM, DANIELLE. MARCUS IS THE ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S UP.

AND YOU BETTER HAVE CASH 'CAUSE I'M NOT TAKING VENMO.

YOU'RE A STRAIGHT ASS, YOU KNOW THAT?

A NIGHT IN KINGSWOOD? DO HIM GOOD.

THE NEXT MORNING.

THESE YOUR FRIEND'S BELONGINGS?

...THAT'S HIS BACKPACK...

WHAT HAPPENED?

GOT A 911 CALL, THIS IS WHAT WE FOUND.

"NOW I KNOW." KNOW WHAT?

MIGHT BE ABLE TO TELL YOU IF WE EVER FIND THE BODY.

TRE'S GONE...?

EXCEPT FOR ALL THIS BLOOD...YEAH THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO FIND HIM, BUT...GONE. VANISHED.

I'VE SEEN SOME THINGS IN MY TIME, BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS.

...ALL MY FAULT...

MARCUS... STOP.

IF I HADN'T MADE TRE GO DOWN THERE...

YOU DIDN'T MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING.

I JUST RODE HIM 'TIL HE BROKE. THAT'S ALL.

BLAMING YOURSELF DOESN'T BRING TRE BACK.

WHAT IF SOMETHING ELSE WILL?

SOMETHING... WHAT?

NOW I KNOW

ALL THAT WRITING ON THE WALL: "NOW I KNOW".

KNOW WHAT? ***WHAT*** DID TRE FIND?

THERE'S NO WAY TO BE SURE.

THERE'S ONE WAY. I GO BACK TO KINGSWOOD. I STAY THE NIGHT.

ARE YOU BAT-SHIT? TRE'S GONE, AND YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO THAT PLACE?

I DON'T WANT TO. I ***NEED*** TO. I GOTTA KNOW, DANIELLE...

I HAVE TO ***KNOW.***

...YEAH...

THE NEXT MORNING.

...MARCUS IS GONE...?

SAME AS YOUR OTHER FRIEND--A LOT OF BLOOD, NO BODY, AND THE SAME THING SCRAWLED ON THE WALLS.

"NOW I KNOW".

MY KID SAW SOMETHING ONLINE ABOUT KINGSWOOD BEING HAUNTED.

NEVER WOULD'VE THOUGHT THIS CRAP WAS REAL.

UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING, ON YOU NEED TO STAY AWAY FROM THAT PLACE.

THAT NIGHT.

NOW I KNOW

THUD
THUD

THUD
THUD
THUD

THUD
THUD
THUD

KNOW
NOW

CREEEEAK

OH,
SHIT!

TRE...!

CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE--

DEAD? YEAH. PROBABLY WENT A LITTLE EXTRA WITH THE BLOOD, BUT...YOU KNOW. I HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL.

WAIT... "LOOK REAL"?

THE BLOOD, THE SCRAWL...I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, RIGHT?

...YOU DID ALL THIS...? YOU FAKED YOUR MURDER?

YOU SERIOUS? YOU ACTUALLY THINK THIS JOINT IS HAUNTED?

NAH. IT'S NOT HAUNTED. I WASN'T GONNA LET MARCUS PUNK ME, SO I PLAYED HIM.

SOME BLOOD ON THE WALLS, THAT CRAZY SCRAWL...

AND YOU SEE HOW MY POST BLEW UP? I WAS JUST GONNA HIDE OUT FOR AWHILE, THEN SHOW UP TALKING ABOUT ALL THE STRANGE SHIT THAT HAPPENED TO ME.

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...MARCUS...?

MARCUS? YEAAAAH. HE'S KINDA DEAD. I JUST FIGURED-- FORGET SOME SOCIAL POST.

YOU KNOW HOW MANY BOOKS I COULD SELL ABOUT TWO VANISHED KIDS?

AND THREE KIDS MISSING? THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE A MOVIE OUT OF MY SHIT.

AHGGGH..

"OHMYGOD!"

OHMYGOD OHMYGODOH MYGOD!!!!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GETTING YOUR AUTOGRAPH. "TRIGGER WARNING" IS, LIKE, THE BEST!

IT IS SO TWISTED! HOW DID YOU EVER COME UP WITH A STORY LIKE THAT?

A HORROR NOVEL BY DANIELLE WYATT

TRIGGER WARNING

WELL... LIKE THEY SAY...

WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW.

MORAL OF THE STORY, YOUNG PEOPLE--PHYSICAL PENS ARE MIGHTIER THAN VIRTUAL SWORDS ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.

NOW THAT'S A MEME WORTH AN UP-VOTE!

END

"THE MURDER VARIANT"

WRITER
CHRIS CONDON

ARTIST
MARTÍN MORAZZO

COLORIST
CHRIS O'HALLORAN

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

AHHH... DON'T YOU KIDDIES JUST LOVE THAT MUSTY, OLD COMIC BOOK SMELL? IT REMINDS ME OF MY HOME SWEET TOMB. BUT SOME COLLECTORS SMELL SOMETHING MUCH MORE SINISTER...HERE'S A KEY ISSUE I LIKE TO CALL...

DEATH

THE MURDER VARIANT

FUGGIN' WORTHLESS TRASH...

FP-FP-FP

TENANT LEFT ALLA THIS. YOU BELIEVE 'AT? FALLS ON MY SHOULDERS, 'A COURSE. FIGURE I MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO MAKE A BUCK OFFA IT...

BZZ BZZ

DEATH

Y'KNOW... GOTTA MAKE ENDS MEET.

Marge
Where are you??

WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH HERE...LOTS OF...QUARTER BIN FINDS AS FAR AS I CAN--

WHAZZAT? YOU FIND SOMETHIN'?

I'LL, UH, GIVE YOU... *THIRTY BUCKS* FOR THE STACK?

LEMME SEE...

WHY NOT, LOOKS LIKE A BUNCHA *FUNNY BOOK* TRASH T'ME.

HAPPY READIN', BUB.

FOR LEASE

WHERE WERE YOU?

I KNOW, I KNOW. I JUST--

FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU KNOW MY BROTHER'S COMING OVER TONIGHT!

I ***KNOW!*** I...I SAW A POST ONLINE. SOME GUY ABANDONED HIS STORAGE UNIT. THE OWNER WAS SELLING THE COMICS FOR DIRT CHEAP AND...

LOOK! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

THAT'S...***GREAT.*** WONDERFUL.

BUT DONALD--***FWHH***-- YOU CAN'T KEEP SPENDING ALL YOUR MONEY ON COMIC BOOKS. IT'S GOOD THAT YOU HAVE A HOBBY, BUT, AT A CERTAIN POINT IT'S TOO ***MUCH.***

IT'S NOT JUST THE MONEY, IT'S THE ***SPACE.*** WE HAVE COMICS ***EVERYWHERE.***

COMICS IN THE ***CLOSET,*** COMICS BY THE ***BED,*** COMICS ON THE ***TABLE.*** EVERYWHERE I LOOK? ***COMICS.***

I KNOW YOU ***LOVE*** THEM. BUT, LIKE, COME ON. AND...***SHIT.*** DONALD, CAN YOU TAKE OUT THE TRASH?

THE ***MISPRINT.*** IF THIS IS A ***FIRST PRINTING...***

DID YOU HEAR ME? HE'LL BE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES. DONALD, DID YOU...?

OH MY GOD. IT IS...

THE COUNT'S CASTLE

DONALD! THE GARBAGE!

DONALD DO THIS. DONALD DO THAAAT. DONAAAAALD. DOOOONAAAAALD.

FOR LEASE

DONALD, STOP BUYING COMIC BOOKS. DONALD, DON'T GO AND FIND AN INSANELY RARE COMIC FOR DIRT CHEAP THAT WE CAN SELL AND MAKE MONEY OFF OF.

OH, DOOOONAAAAALD, THAT MAKES TOO MUCH SENSE. DON'T DO THAAAAT! DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH SENSE BECAUSE MY BROOOOTHER'S COMING OVER FOR DINNNNNER TONIGHT!

HFF.

DONALD, WOULD YOU GET THE SALAD DRESSING OUT? IT'S IN THE FRIDGE ON THE DOOR.

NO...

NO, NO, NO, NO--

IT'S... IT'S...

DONALD. THE DRESSING.

EARTH TO DONALD!

YOU!

YOU RUINED IT! IT'S WORTH NOTHING NOW. IT'S RUINED, YOU RUINED IT!!!!

OH, STOP. YOUR COMIC IS *FINE.*

COME ON, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA CRY? *JESUS.* AND ANYWAY...

...IT'S JUST A *STUPID* COMIC BOOK.

CREEPSHOW

KNOCK KNOCK

HEY, MARGIE, SORRY I WAS RUNNING LATE. DON'T WORRY IF YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS IN SOMETHING, I'LL LET MYSELF IN.

CREEEEEEEE--

OH MY GOD.

W-W-W-W-WHAT...?

HA! Y'MEAN YOU DINT HEAR?

THIS MACABRE PIECE OF TRUE CRIME MEMORABILIA HAS GAINED POPULARITY--AND VALUE--IN A BIZARRE TURN OF EVENTS.

DONALD EDWARD DAVISON, THE CONVICTED MURDERER, CLAIMED THE DIMINISHED VALUE OF THE COMIC LED HIM TO MURDER...

NO. NO, NO.

...THOUGH THE MURDER ITSELF HAS MADE THE DAMAGED BOOK THE **ULTIMATE RARITY** WITH THE BOOK SELLING FOR HALF-A-MILLION DOLLARS.

NO! IT'S JUST...IT'S JUST A WORTHLESS PIECE OF... IT'S JUST A COMIC BOOK! WORTHLESS! IT'S JUST A...IT'S JUST A STUPID--

HEH-HEH. DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, KIDDIES.

END

KA-KUNK

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KNOW WHO THAT IS?

NAW, WHO?

HE'S THE SICK FUCK WHAT OFFED HIS GIRLFRIEND OVER A *COMMIE BOOK.*

NO SHIT.

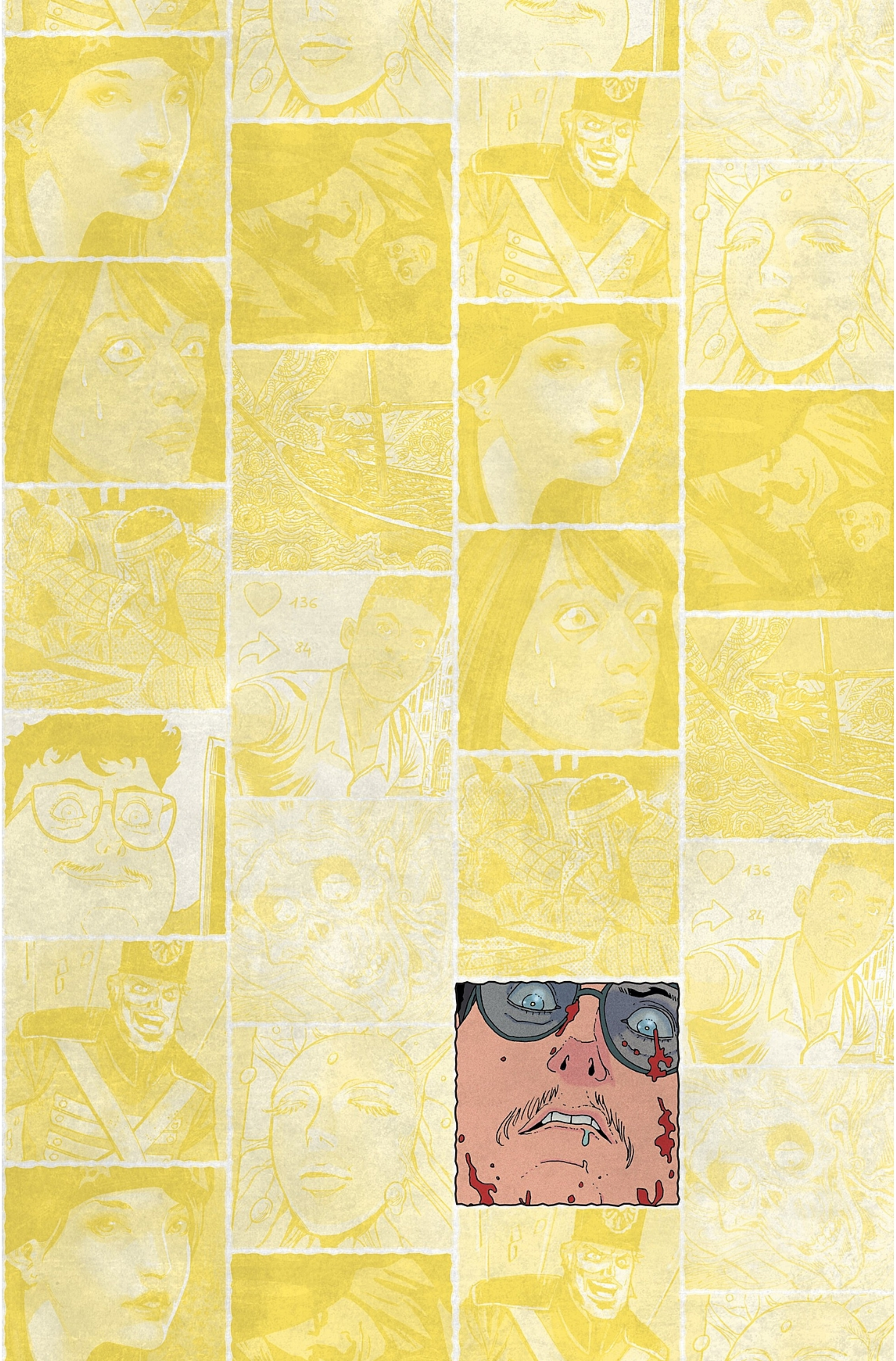
YEAH, CLAIMED IT WAS WORTH NOTHIN' 'CAUSE SHE DAMAGED IT 'R SOME SHIT. STABBED HER THIRTY-FIVE TIMES.

HER BROTHER FOUND 'EM, 'IM OVER HER WITH THE KNIFE. SAID SHE WAS STILL BREATHIN'...FUCKIN' AWFUL. BUT...JOKE'S ON HIM.

CHECK THIS OUT.

WHATTAYA MEAN?

THE SO-CALLED "MURDER VARIANT" HAS SOLD FOR A WHOPPING $500,000, MAKING IT ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE COMIC BOOKS EVER SOLD AT AUCTION.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"TRUE-ISH CRIME"

WRITER
JOHN ARCUDI

ARTIST
SHAWN McMANUS

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

--AND TODAY, ALEX HINTON WAS SENTENCED IN HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH. HIS WIFE, NICKY, IS STILL MISSING--

IT WON'T BE EASY, BUT I *FEEL* HER CALLING ME--

OKAY, DON'T START IN ON ALL THAT NEW AGE, VOODOO CRYSTAL STUFF. WE'LL DO IT. AND I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

7 NEWS

"IT'S A SITE CALLED ***SLEUTHNET.*** MAYBE OTHERS ARE ALREADY LOOKING FOR NICKY HINTON."

SKYGIRL17

U came 2 the right place! Use #findnicky 2 track our progress. In fact, TCB went looking 4 her last year!

TCB

Yeah, but I came up short. Still, we've gathered a lot of intel since then. Even got some cell-tower data if u 2 are game! Bring a weapon, though. Coyotes!

SUCABO

Should you care to give it a shot, we would all be most happy to help!

THIS IS JUST OUR FIRST WEEKEND, LYNN. IF WE DON'T FIND ANYTHING TODAY--

BERN... BERN, TURN AROUND!

OH, THIS IS SOMETHING. THIS IS ***DEFINTELY*** SOMETHING!

HELLS YEAH! LET'S SET UP CAMP!

TRUE-ISH CRIME

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT THIS TREND OF WEB-SLEUTHING IS PISSING ME OFF!

PEOPLE GATHERING IN FORUMS, SHARING THEORIES, HELPING THE POLICE GET "JUSTICE". HOW THE HELL'S A KILLER SUPPOSED TO GET AWAY WITH *ANYTHING* ANYMORE?!

WE'RE LOSING LIGHT. YOU SURE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

HOLD UP, *LYNN.* LEMME FIND HIS ORIGINAL POST.

BUT LET'S LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. THIS STORY FEATURES A MURDERER. *AND* AT LEAST ONE MURDER. WHO KNOWS? MAYBE MORE IF WE'RE LUCKY.

FINGERS CROSSED.

SLEUTHNET

LYNN/BERN, BABY!

U said u had GPS info from Alex Hinton's cell company?

TCB

Yeah, From a burner. 5-0 didn't go for it, but my boy says Hinton's last 20 before the p... was latitude 48.

YUP, THIS IS THE SPOT.

BUT, Y'KNOW, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE GONNA SEE A HEADSTONE THAT SAYS "NICKY HINTON." REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID WHEN WE STARTED THIS...

"BIG DAY TOMORROW!"

Cold.
So cold...

The wet is in my bones...my heart... I have no heart anymore.

Someone is there. I sense you! You can't leave me like this.

Please, come to me. Please find me. Please take me away from this darkness.

PLEEEEEEASE!!!

HUH? WHADYA SAY...?

"DAMN, GOTTA LAY OFF THOSE EDIBLES..."

I WISH YOU'D TALK TO US, ***MR. HINTON***. WE CAN HELP YOU. YOU SEE, NICKY'S MOTHER AND FATHER WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

THAT MAKES THREE OF US.

VISITORS ROOM

LOOK, YOU GOT OFF WITH SECOND-DEGREE MURDER ON YOUR DAUGHTER, BUT NO PAROLE BOARD WILL EVER LET YOU OUT OF HERE UNDER THE MAX. IF YOU TELL US WHERE YOUR WIFE'S BODY IS, WE CAN TWIST SOME ARMS.

BECAUSE THE LONGER A CHILD-KILLER IS IN A LEVEL FOUR FACILITY...WELL, YOU CAN DO THE MATH.

I'M FUCKING TIRED OF TELLING YOU THAT I NEVER TOUCHED MY LITTLE GIRL. YOU SAW WHAT WAS LEFT OF HER BODY. HOW COULD I DO THAT?

BUT SURE, I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ***OTHER*** BODY--

"NOBODY WILL ***EVER*** FIND IT.

SEE, BERN? SHE ***WAS*** CALLING US! SHE BEGGED YOU TO FIND HER!

IT WAS JUST A ***DREAM,*** LYNN. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

"BECAUSE EVEN IF SOMEBODY ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLES ACROSS WHERE IT MIGHT BE--

NO, IT WAS HER SPIRIT CALLING OUT! SHE'S TRAPPED SOMEWHERE, BUT SHE CAN STILL REACH YOU IN YOUR THOUGHTS!

SHHHH. I SEE SOMETHING MOVING UP AHEAD.

"--THERE'S A SECURITY SYSTEM IN PLACE."

ROOAR!

GO BACK AND TELL THE *D.A.*, I KNOW WHO I AM. I KNOW WHAT I DID, AND I'M NOT SORRY.

I CAN LIVE WITH THE CONSQUENCES, SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR "HELP" AND SHOVE IT.

SHITSHIT SHIT!

DAMN FLARE PISTOL'S *GOTTA* BE HERE...

YES!

HEY, THIS DIRT HAS BEEN RECENTLY DUG UP!

TIME FOR THE SHOVELS.

I DON'T THINK WE'LL NEED THEM.

BONES! WE FOUND HER, LYNN! WE FOUND HER! YOU WERE RIGHT!!

IS THAT-- IS THAT A SHOTGUN OVER THERE?

WHAT...? "TCB"?

RRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUMBLE

OH, SHIT!

You came for me...you came!

Thank you, thank you both. Finally, finally, finally--

FWASSHH

AND YOU SAID WE WOULDN'T NEED THIS.

I JUST ABOUT GET KILLED AND YOU'RE MAKING JOKES?!

WHOOOOA. LOOK AT THIS! ARE THESE PETROGLYPHS?

LOOKS LIKE TINFOIL-HAT-CRAZY WRITING TO ME.

I CAN BE FREE!!!!

JESUS CHRIST, WHAT ARE YOU!!!

OH. YOU'RE NOT HERE TO TALK ABOUT ME. YOU CAME FOR "NICKEEEEEE".

SEE? HER HUSBAND DID THAT. NINE MILLIMETER. I THINK. BUT NOT BEFORE I SUCKED HIS DAUGHTER'S SOUL OUT OF HER TINY BODY!

THIS CRAP AROUND NICKY'S NECK? DOESN'T DO MUCH. LOOKS KIND OF COOL. I GUESS.

BUT THAT SHIT!

ETCHED INTO THE ROCK. THAT HINTON FUCKER DID HIS HOMEWORK! ONCE HE FIGURED OUT I'D POSSESSED HIS WIFE. HE BOUND ME TO HER BONES.

AND TO THIS CAVE. THINKS HE CAN "STARVE" ME AWAY TO NOTHING.

WHA-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO US?

OH. FOR FUCK'S SAKE. "BERN"!

"WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

EVERY DAY HE'S IN HERE, ALWAYS READIN' THEM "DEVIL BOOKS". EVERY FUCKIN' DAY! CREEPS ME OUT.

AH, FORGET IT. PROBABLY BUILDING AN INSANITY DEFENSE FOR HIS APPEAL. OR HE IS CRAZY. EITHER WAY--

WHITE MAGIC SYMBOLOGY

THE WEAKNESS OF EVIL

POSSESSION AND EXORCISM

"--HOW'S IT OUR PROBLEM?"

SKYGIRL17

Hey, Lynn/Bern, Baby! Haven't heard from u in a while. How did it go last weekend?

LYNN/BERN, Baby!

Well, I feel like we got close, but in the end, we just couldn't pinpoint Nicky. Doesn't mean u shouldn't give it a shot.

LYNN/BERN, BABY!

We spotted a few landmarks that came up in some of the excluded evidence. Maybe that would help.

LYNN/BERN, Baby!

The important thing is, we can't give up. #findnicky!!!

HEY, WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. STUCK INSIDE, CAN'T SEE FRIENDS, BUT AS LONG AS YOU HAVE A SMART PHONE, YOU'LL BE FINE. RELAX, HIT THE SOCIALS, AND IF YOU CAN'T COOK, THERE'S ALWAYS DELIVERY.

I MEAN, EVERYBODY'S GOTTA EAT, RIGHT?

END

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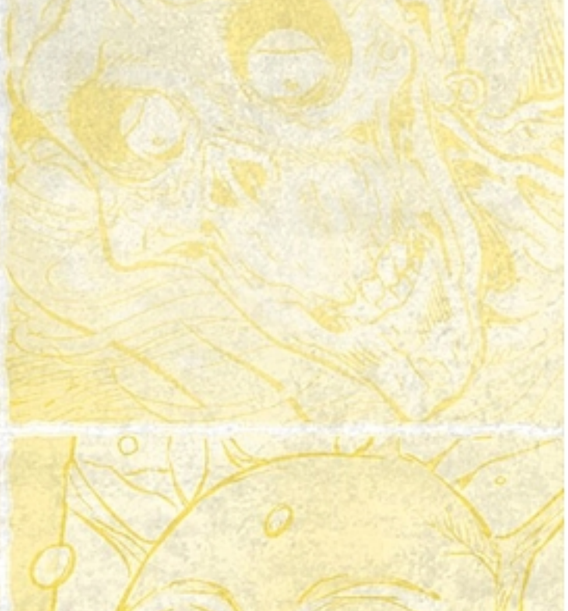
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"FLESH WOUNDS"

WRITER
MIKE CAREY

ARTIST
MARK TORRES

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

I LIKE A NICE, JUICY ***WAR*** AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GHOUL, BUT SOME PEOPLE GET TOO MUCH OF A TASTE FOR THE BLOOD AND THUNDER. TURN IT INTO A HOBBY, OR EVEN A LUCRATIVE ***CAREER.***

AND THAT'S ***FINE*** UP TO A POINT. BUT EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ON THE ***WINNING*** SIDE, YOU CAN SOMETIMES, END UP WITH A FEW--

FLESH WOUNDS

THOMAS CAMPION WAS A BRITISH MERCENARY BACK WHEN BRITAIN HAD ITS DIRTY ***FINGER*** IN HALF THE WORLD'S PIES.

HE PUT DOWN THE AFGHANS AT GAZNI. CARVED UP THE BELGIANS AT MAASTRICHT.

RUINED THE ***AFTERNOON*** FOR SOME POLITE CANADIANS AT ST-EUSTACHE.

HE FOUGHT IN THE OPIUM WARS, DEFENDING THE EMPIRE'S RIGHT TO PEDDLE HARD ***DRUGS*** WHEREVER IT LIKED.

BUT OLD TOMMY WASN'T INTO ***POLITICS.*** HE WAS ALL ABOUT THE JOB SATISFACTION.

INDIA. AFRICA. BURMA. YOU NAME A BLOODBATH, OUR BOY WAS THERE.

IN THE THICK OF THE ACTION. KNEE-DEEP IN THE GUTS AND THE GLORY. NEVER COUNTING THE COST...

UNTIL ONE DAY IN 1850, PUTTING DOWN A ***RIOT*** IN THE SLUMS OF ALEPPO, A BEDOUIN'S KNIFE BLADE MISSED HIS RIGHT *LUNG* BY THE WIDTH OF A HAIR.

GUUUH!

THAT'S APT TO MAKE A MAN ***RUMINATE*** ON HIS LIFE CHOICES.

TOMMY KILLED THE BEDOUIN IN SHORT ORDER, AND ***DEFILED*** HIS BODY IN WAYS THAT WERE SURE TO BRING GRIEF AND SHAME TO THE MAN'S FAMILY.

BEGOB, CAMPION, YOU DANCED WITH THE ***DEVIL*** TODAY.

JUST FINISH YOUR ***SEWING*** BEFORE I SOBER UP, O'RIORDAN.

AND ***SPARE*** ME YOUR PAPISH BLATHER.

BASTARD! BASTARD! ***BASTAAAARD!***

BUT STILL, HE WAS ***RATTLED.*** ANOTHER HALF-INCH OR SO AND HE'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE GAME FOR GOOD.

WHEN IT COMES TO DEVILS THOUGH, THERE'S ONE OUT IN THE ***DESERT*** HERE I'VE HEARD TELL OF.

BLOODY ***ANCIENT,*** HE IS. AND HE GRANTS A MAN'S WISHES.

THAT'S PATENTLY ***ABSURD.***

NO, TOMMY. GOSPEL TRUTH!

SURE, MICKEY FLEET OF THE 34TH WENT OUT THERE AND WISHED FOR ***RICHES,*** AND DIDN'T ALL THE PENNIES IN HIS POCKET TURN TO ***GOLD*** NOW?

It was ***NONSENSE.*** But that knife wound was preying on our Tommy's mind.

So he went and grabbed one of the native guides. "The devil. The old devil. ***TAKE*** me to him."

And off they went into the desert.

The devil in question was sitting at the mouth of an ancient ***TOMB.*** biding his time.

Tommy could tell just by looking at him that there was ***MORE*** to him than crumbling stone.

Here, Sergeant. His name in ancient times was ***UL'HERAT.***

And how does a man go about... ***SOLICITING*** him?

I have no idea. I'm a ***MUSLIM.*** I'll wait with the horses.

I ***CALL*** on you, old one! If you can hear me, grant me this wish.

That no weapon, no agency or mechanism should have the power to ***KILL*** me.

Maybe it was a trick of the light, or Tommy's ***IMAGINATION*** playing tricks on him.

But no. He'd really ***SEEN*** it. The great stone idol smiled.

And nodded its ***HEAD.***

TEN BATTLES WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A ***SCRATCH!*** MAYBE TOMMY GOT A LITTLE COCKY. A LITTLE ***CARELESS.***

OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE ***ODDS*** CATCHING UP WITH HIM. THEY'LL DO THAT, SOONER OR LATER.

I'M SHOT! OH MY GOOD GOD, I'M ***SHOT!*** GET ME A DOCTOR!

GET ME A BLOODY ***DOCTOR,*** DAMN YOUR EYES!

IT'S ONLY A ***FLESH WOUND,*** CAMPION. AND CHRIST JESUS, MAN!

YOU CAN'T TURN TAIL IN THE MIDDLE OF A MELEE. THEY'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR ***DESERTION!***

LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU FENIAN ***BUTCHER.*** GO AND SAW SOME POOR BASTARD'S LEG OFF.

I MADE A ***BARGAIN!*** CAN YOU HEAR ME, OLD DEVIL? I GROVELLED IN THE DIRT LIKE A ***HEATHEN*** AND I MADE A BARGAIN!

AND WHAT IN HELL'S NAME WAS IT ***WORTH?***

YOU HAVE A COMPLAINT, LITTLE BUG?

...

AFTER THAT, TOMMY JUST CUT LOOSE AND *ENJOYED* HIMSELF.

THREW HIMSELF INTO THE *BREACH* EVERY DAMNED TIME, AND CAME OUT SMELLING LIKE A ROSE.

I MEAN, IF YOU DIPPED THE ROSE IN A BUCKET OF *OFFAL.*

HOLY *SAINTS,* CAMPION! YOU SEEM TO LEAD A CHARMED LIFE.

I SAW THREE BULLETS GO BY YOU CLOSE ENOUGH TO *TOUCH!*

BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A *MILE,* WENTWORTH.

COME *ON,* YOU SONS OF WHORES!

I'M RED TOM CAMPION, AND I'M HERE TO MAKE YOUR MOTHERS *WEEP!*

WHAT CAN I SAY? THE MAN BECAME A *LEGEND.* BALLADS, NEWS ARTICLES, ALL THE REST OF IT.

THE MAN *DEATH* COULDN'T TOUCH!

MAYBE SOME PEOPLE *RESENTED* THAT, BUT TO HELL WITH THEM. HATERS GONNA HATE, RIGHT?

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

AAAAA!

I HATE TO SEE ONE OF MY PETITIONERS GO UNSATISFIED.

WHAT OF IT? I GAVE YOU WHAT YOU ASKED FOR. NO WEAPON, NO AGENCY, NO MECHANISM WILL EVER KILL YOU.

BUT YOU SAID NOTHING ABOUT WOUNDS.

I--I ASKED TO BE MADE *IMMUNE* TO ALL HARM.

BUT *LOOK* AT THIS! LOOK AT WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO ME!

AND I LIKE WOUNDS, I LIKE PAIN, AND THE INFLICTING OF PAIN.

BEAR YOUR SUFFERING BRAVELY, LITTLE BUG. OFFER IT UP TO ME, AND KNOW THAT I AM PLEASED.

ON YOUR *FEET,* CAMPION. WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE CITY.

BUT--BUT DID YOU *SEE...?*

HOP TO IT, MAN. THE COLONEL WANTS YOU TO LEAD THE *CHARGE.*

THE TRUTH IS, MOST OF THE TIME FIGHTING'S A MATTER OF *LUCK.*

AND POOR TOMMY SUDDENLY GOT THE *FEELING* THAT HIS WAS ABOUT TO RUN OUT.

ATTAAAACK!

OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!

GAAAAAH!

OH DEAR.

M--MY *HEART!* THAT'S MY *HEART.*

HA HA HA! MY HEART IS ON THE *GROUND.* I'VE LOST HEART!

IF YOU PUSH A MAN TOO *FAR,* THINGS CAN GET A LITTLE UGLY.

TWO SAPPERS FOUND TOMMY HIDING BEHIND AN *EARTHWORK.*

IT'S SAD TO SEE A GOOD MAN BROUGHT LOW, BUT *DESERTING* IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY--IT JUST WON'T DO.

IT WON'T DO AT ALL. I'M *SORRY,* CAMPION, BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE.

TRYING TO FIT HIS BROKEN *RIBS* BACK INTO HIS CHEST.

THIS-- THIS PIECE GOES *HERE,* I THINK.

READY--

DON'T!

AIM--

YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* PLEASE--

FIIIIRE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SORRY, SIR. I'M AFRAID HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE ***DEAD.***

HMM. ANOTHER ***VOLLEY,*** THEN.

JOLLY BAD FORM TO LET HIM ***LINGER*** IN THAT STATE. NOT HUMANE.

DON'T--

YOU FILTHY ***CURS,*** I'LL--

--I'LL--

NUHHRRRRRR!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

AGAIN, SIR?

IF YOU PLEASE, CORPORAL.

CAN'T LEAVE A JOB ***HALF DONE.***

AGAIN.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

AAAAND AGAIN.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ONE MORE ***TIME,*** PLEASE.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

LONDON, 1853. GRESHAM COLLEGE. HOME OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN, HONORED MEMBERS, WELCOME.

DR. SCHOFIELD WILL NOW PRESENT HIS FINDINGS.

GOOD DAY TO YOU ALL. THANKS TO PROFESSOR ***GALVANI*** IN ROME, WE KNOW THAT THE BIOTIC PRINCIPLE, THE FORCE THAT GIVES US LIFE, IS ***ELECTRICAL*** IN NATURE.

MORE RECENTLY WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ***MEASURE*** THIS ELECTRICAL ACTIVITY BY MECHANICAL MEANS.

I CAN THEREFORE ASSURE YOU TODAY THAT LIFE CAN ***PERSIST*** EVEN IN THE MOST EXTREME AND UNLIKELY OF CIRCUM-STANCES.

HERE, FOR EXAMPLE.

ELECTRICAL IMPULSES CONTINUE TO PASS THROUGH THIS ***BRAIN,*** THE BRAIN OF A SOLDIER SHOT FOR COWARDICE. INCREDIBLY, HE IS STILL ALIVE--

--DESPITE THE UTTER ***DESTRUCTION*** OF HIS PHYSICAL BODY.

POOR TOMMY. I THINK HE MAY HAVE LOST HIS ***APPETITE*** FOR WARFARE.

NOW THAT HE'S BEEN SO THOROUGHLY... ***DISARMED.***

MC MT 24

END

"FACE"

WRITER & ARTIST
ACKY BRIGHT

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

BEAUTY IS FLEETING, AND AS IT FADES, IT CAN DRIVE A PERSON INSANE UNLESS THEY'RE COMFORTABLE IN THEIR OWN SKIN.

ABIGAIL LOST HER BOYFRIEND TO ANOTHER WOMEN CONSIDERED MORE PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE, LEAVING POOR ABIGAIL TO WONDER... WHAT'S IN A

FACE

@Angela sweet time♡

DAMN HIM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE LEFT ME FOR A PLASTIC DOLL LIKE HER.

CRACK!

I WISH I COULD JUST THROW AWAY THIS FACE!

Make your future beautiful at

BEAUTIFUL...

BEAUTY CLINIC

BEAUTY CLINIC

CAN I REALLY BECOME BEAUTIFUL, LIKE THE AD SAYS?

OF COURSE. AT OUR CLINIC, ANYONE CAN UPGRADE THEIR FACE.

THIS HAS PROVEN TO WORK? MY FACE IS ALREADY BAD ENOUGH...

DOCTOR, I'VE BROUGHT IT.

HUH? WHAT IS THIS?!

THIS IS YOU-- UPGRADED.

WE HAVE DEVELOPED A PROCEDURE THAT CAN MAKE ANYONE'S FACE PHYSICALLY PERFECT.

IS THAT FACE... ALIVE?

YES, IT'S A NEW MEDICAL TECHNIQUE THAT UTILIZES A RARE DISORDER WHERE A HUMAN FACE GROWS ON PART OF THE BODY.

BY TRANSPLANTING THIS ONTO YOUR SKULL, YOU CAN GET AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FACE.

IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS REALLY POSSIBLE?

THIS IS A PHOTO OF MY ASSISTANT FROM LAST YEAR. SHE WAS SEVERELY BURNED IN AN ACCIDENT.

BUT NOW, SHE HAS A PERFECT FACE.

PLEASE... ***PLEASE*** PERFORM THE SURGERY.

I'M FINALLY GOING TO BE THE PERSON I WAS MEANT TO BE.

NOW, ABIGAIL, DON'T WORRY. WHEN YOU AWAKEN, THE FACE YOU'LL SEE WILL BE YOUR BEAUTIFUL, REBORN SELF.

HE'S GOING TO REGRET EVER LEAVING ME...

UUUUUH...

WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A GROANING...

...COMING FROM THE TRASH CAN?

YOU HEAR ME?

IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP, ABIGAIL. GET UP SLOWLY, AND I'LL REMOVE THE BANDAGES.

COME ON NOW, OPEN YOUR EYES.

I LOOK THE SAME, WHAT'S GOING ON?

WAIT...IS THAT MY BACK?

PLEASE MEET YOUR NEW FACE--DO YOU LIKE IT?

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!

IT'S SURPRISING, ISN'T IT? LET ME EXPLAIN THE SURGERY TO YOU.

012345

JANUS

FRONT

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ROTATED THE UPPER PART OF YOUR NECK 180 DEGREES AND TRANSPLANTED THE NEW FACE ONTO THE BACK OF YOUR SKULL.

OF COURSE, THIS WOULD JUST BE A PIECE OF SKIN WITH A HUMAN FACE OTHERWISE.

LOOK HERE. WE CONNECTED THESE NERVES TO YOUR BRAIN, LINKING TO THE EYES AND MOUTH OF YOUR OTHER FACE.

CLOSE YOUR EYES. NOW FOCUS ON THE EYES OF YOUR NEW FACE.

IMAGINE *BEING* THAT FACE.

YES... NOW, SLOWLY OPEN YOUR EYES.

I CAN SEE! OH MY GOD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!

ONCE YOU GET USED TO IT, YOU'LL ALSO BE ABLE TO MOVE ITS MOUTH FREELY.

MY LIFE WAS FOREVER CHANGED.

EVERY MAN WHO SEES ME NOW CAN'T HELP BUT FALL IN LOVE WITH ME. BUT...

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

WAIT! PLEASE, I CAN BE EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

SLAM!

I HAVE ONLY ONE GOAL--TO DRAG HIM DOWN TO HELL!

NANCY

Love across

I REGISTERED ON THE DATING APP WHERE I FIRST MET HIM.

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

NANCY, IT FEELS LIKE A DREAM TO CONNECT WITH SOMEONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU.

I FEEL THE SAME WAY. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DON'T HAVE A GIRL-FRIEND.

I FEEL LIKE IT COULD BE FATE THAT WE MET. CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN?

OF COURSE.

YES! TODAY IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

OH HEE HEE...YOU'RE EXAGGERATING.

SO PREDICTABLE, LIKE CATCHING A FISH.

NANCY, YOU ARE TRULY BEAUTIFUL.

EVERYWHERE WE GO, MEN TURN TO STARE AT YOU.

DO YOU ONLY LOVE ME FOR MY LOOKS?

OF COURSE NOT! I THINK YOUR INNER BEAUTY IS EQUAL TO YOUR PHYSICAL BEAUTY. REALLY, THOUGH, APPEARANCE ISN'T THAT IMPORTANT TO ME.

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR FACE!

I'LL DESTROY HIM WHEN HE'S AT HIS HAPPIEST.

BASTARD.

THE DAY CAME QUICKLY.

I LOVE YOU, NANCY.

I SPENT ALL MY SAVINGS TO BUY THIS FOR YOU. WILL YOU MARRY ME?

NOW FOR MY REVENGE!

YES.

WHAT?! DON'T SAY THAT!

THANK YOU!

I CAN'T SPEAK? I CAN'T MOVE MY BODY!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

GIVE ME BACK MY BODY!

YOU WANT ME TO REMOVE THE OTHER FACE, RIGHT?

YES, IT'S TRYING TO TAKE OVER MY BODY.

I UNDERSTAND. LET'S PROCEED WITH THE SURGERY BEFORE IT WAKES UP.

YES, DOCTOR.

LET'S BEGIN.

ABIGAIL, YOU ARE TRULY WONDERFUL.

REALLY?

MY FACE IS... SPLITTING?

STOP! THIS IS MY FACE!

SLSSH

THE PROCEDURE IS COMPLETE.

SPLAT

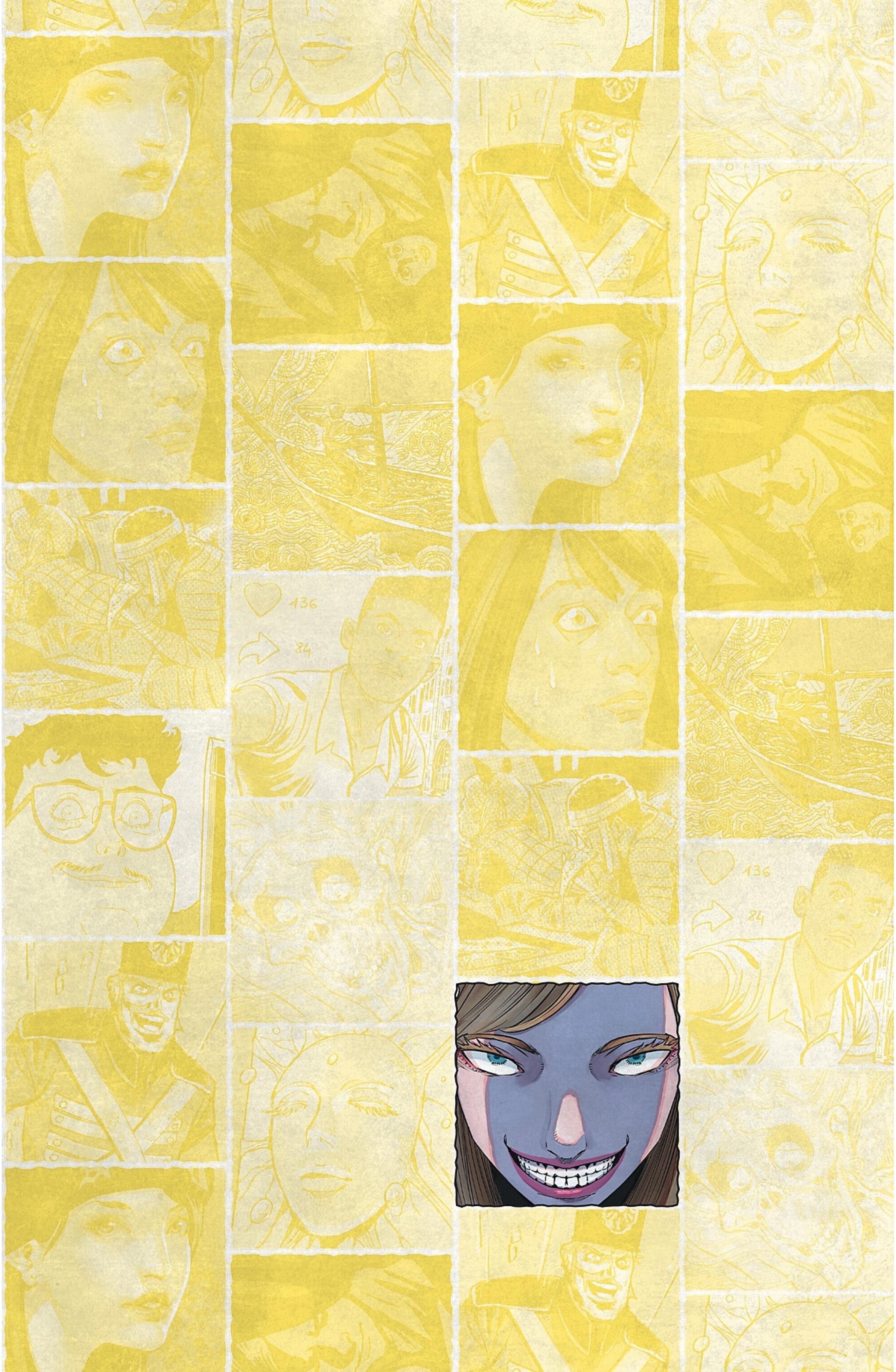
WE'VE ADDED ANOTHER MEMBER TO OUR GROUP.

SO, THE VOICE I HEARD FROM THE TRASH CAN ON THE DAY OF THE SURGERY WAS...THIS.

GIVE ME BACK MY BODY!!!

HEHEHE, THE COST OF BEAUTY CAN BE STEEP...DON'T YOU THINK, ABIGAIL?

END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"TENT REVIVAL"

WRITER
ED BRISSON

ARTIST
KAEL NGU

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

WELCOME BACK, MY ***CARNAGE CRAVING*** CHICKADEES. TODAY WE'VE GOT QUITE A DOOZY ABOUT THE ONLY THING MORE ***FRIGHTENING*** THAN THIS ***ROTTEN*** LITTLE RAG YOU'RE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS--***ONLINE DATING!***

STRAP ON YOUR HIKING BOOTS AND CRACK OUT YOUR COMPASSES...

...FOR A LITTLE TALE I LIKE TO CALL

TENT REVIVAL!

YOU KNOW, JEFF, WHEN YOUR DATING PROFILE SAID YOU LIKED HIKING AND CAMPING, I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE ***FOR REAL*** ABOUT IT.

WHY WOULD SOMEONE LIE ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT, KRISTIN?

GUYS LIE IN THEIR PROFILES ***ALL THE TIME.***

I WENT ON A DATE WITH THIS GUY WHOSE PROFILE SAID HE WAS A PHARMACEUTICAL REP, TURNS OUT HE WAS A ***WEED DEALER.***

OH...

...WOW.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, RIGHT?

IT'S ***AMAZING.***

I USED TO COME HERE ALL THE TIME GROWING UP. IT'S MY ***SECRET SPOT.***

CHUNK!

DO YOU BRING *ALL* OF YOUR NEW GIRLFRIENDS *OUT HERE* TO IMPRESS THEM WITH YOUR *RUGGED WOODSMAN VIBES?*

HA! NOPE. JUST THE *SPECIAL ONES.*

AWWWW...

YOU KNOW, I WAS ABOUT TO *GIVE UP* ON ONLINE DATING BEFORE YOU MESSAGED ME.

THERE ARE SO MANY CREEPS ON THAT SITE, YOU HAVE *NO IDEA.*

WHAT ABOUT *YOU?* YOU EVER RUN INTO ANY REAL *NUT-JOBS* ON YOUR ONLINE JOURNEY?

NO, NOT REALLY. I DIDN'T GO ON MANY DATES. I WAS ABOUT TO SHUT DOWN MY ACCOUNT, *TOO.*

BUT WHEN I SAW *YOUR* PROFILE AND--

EXCUSE ME.

JESUS!

SORRY...

I...MY NAME IS *ANGIE...* I WAS OUT HERE HIKING WITH MY BOYFRIEND AND I...

...I GOT *LOST* SOMEHOW.

I SAW YOUR FIRE... AND....

I WAS HOPING I COULD SIT AND WARM UP FOR A MINUTE.

I'M SURE MY FRIENDS ARE LOOKING FOR ME. I WON'T BE LONG.

ANGIE... CAN YOU GIVE US A MINUTE?

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF ***HYSTERICAL WOMAN*** WHO'S AFRAID OF THINGS THAT GO ***BUMP IN THE NIGHT...***

...BUT I'VE LISTENED TO ***ENOUGH*** TRUE CRIME PODCASTS TO KNOW THAT THIS IS A ***SET-UP.***

I GUARANTEE SHE'S JUST HERE TO SUSS US OUT, TO MAKE SURE WE'RE AN EASY TARGET. HER ***"FRIENDS"*** ARE PROBABLY WAITING IN THE WOODS UNTIL SHE GIVES THEM THE OKAY.

AND THEN THEY'LL ROLL IN AND...AND...CHOP US UP AND NO ONE WILL EVER FIND US. AND--

I DON'T LIKE THIS ***EITHER.***

YOU STAY IN THE TENT AND I'LL GET RID OF HER.

AND THEN WE ***LEAVE*** AFTER?

I...

JUST LET ME DEAL WITH HER FIRST.

LOOK, ANGIE, I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLAYING AT, BUT YOU'VE ***GOT TO GO.***

OH, COME ON, FRED...YOU DON'T ***MEAN THAT.***

MY... I'M NOT FRED.

HAHAHAHAHA.

SURE. ***WHATEVER*** YOU SAY.

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU ***AGAIN.***

LEAVE!

AWWW. AM I ***RUINING*** YOUR EVENING? DID I SCREW UP YOUR ***PLANS? SO SORRY,*** FREDDY.

I TOLD YOU TO--

TOUGH LUCK...

...BUT WE'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*.

NO.

NO.

NO.

NO.

NO.

LEAVE US ALONE!

I'VE CALLED THE COPS.

SWISH

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY!

SO, YOU BETTER LEAVE.

NOW!

THE POLICE!

OH, NO!

SORRY, SWEETIE.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, FREDDY? YOU MADE SURE OF THAT, DIDN'T YOU?

...JUST LEAVE US ALONE.

YOU HAVE THE WRONG PEOPLE.

THERE'S NO CELLPHONE SIGNAL THIS DEEP INTO THE WOODS.

HIS NAME ISN'T FREDDY. WHOEVER YOU THINK HE IS, HE'S NOT.

PLEASE...

WE *DON'T.*

I MET HIM ON A DATING SITE.

AND I BET YOU DID, *TOO.*

WE *ALL* DID.

ONLY, HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS *FRED.*

TO EACH OF US, HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE...

DAVE.

KEITH.

MATT.

JERRY.

TONY.

STEVE.

CHRIS.

NICK.

ANDREW.

BRIAN.

AFTER ALL THE CREEPS WE'D MET ONLINE, HE WAS LIKE A *BREATH OF FRESH AIR.*

KIND, ATTENTIVE, EASY TO TALK TO, AND NOT TOO HARD ON THE EYES *EITHER.*

BUT...ANYTIME WE WANTED TO INTRODUCE HIM TO OUR FRIENDS, HE WAS *BUSY.*

HE NEVER LET US COME OVER TO *HIS PLACE,* WE NEVER MET *HIS* FRIENDS.

BUT WE LOOKED PAST IT.

NO! *THEY'RE LYING.*

CREEPWATER

OH... *KINKY.*

JEFF? WHY DO YOU HAVE THOSE THINGS IN YOUR BACKPACK?

NO!

YOU CAN'T BE HERE! *NONE OF YOU CAN!*

HE LURED US OUT HERE, TO HIS *SECRET SPOT.* JUST LIKE HE DID TO YOU, KRISTIN.

I KILLED YOU!

LURED US OUT TO WHERE WE *COULDN'T* CALL FOR HELP. WHERE NO ONE WOULD HEAR OUR SCREAMS.

BURIED YOU WHERE NO ONE WOULD FIND YOU!

I PUT MY HANDS AROUND YOUR THROATS.

WATCHED THE LIFE *LEAVE* YOUR EYES.

HE KILLED US, AND NOW WE'RE *TRAPPED* OUT HERE.

BUT *YOU* DON'T HAVE TO BE.

YOU...YOU WERE GOING TO *KILL ME?*

NO, KRISTIN, PLEASE! IT'S *NOT TRUE.*

I WAS JUST TRYING TO *SCARE THEM!* YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME. *PLEASE.*

WE CAN'T HARM HIM...

...BUT *YOU* CAN.

PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS! *I'M SORRY!*

DO IT, KRISTIN. AFTER ALL...

...WHAT'S ONE LESS CREEP?

WELL, THAT'S *ONE WAY* TO END A RELATIONSHIP.

I DON'T THINK KRISTIN WILL HAVE TROUBLE FINDING ANOTHER MAN...

...SHE'S THE KINDA WOMAN THEY LOSE THEIR HEADS OVER!

UNTIL NEXT TIME, KIDDIES!

END

"PRIZE POSSESSION"

WRITER
KAMI GARCIA

ARTIST
ISAAC GOODHART

COLORIST
MIQUEL MUERTO

LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

WHEN IT COMES TO HOUSES, YOU USUALLY GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR, KIDDIES. BUT IN THIS TERRIFYING TALE OF TREACHERY, A FAMILY GETS SOMETHING MORE FOR THEIR MONEY.

SO DON'T UNPACK THOSE MOVING BOXES YET, AND REMEMBER: THE PERFECT ***HOUS***E ISN'T ALL IT'S ***CRACKED*** UP TO BE. THAT'S CERTAINLY THE CASE IN A TALE I LIKE TO CALL...

PRIZE POSSESSION

WE'D NEED TO GET INTO THE HOUSE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

NOT A PROBLEM. THE OWNER MOVED OUT MONTHS AGO.

RIGHT AFTER HIS WIFE FELL FROM A WINDOW ON THE THIRD FLOOR AND BROKE HER NECK. I WAS OUTSIDE TALKING TO JOHN WHEN IT HAPPENED. WE SAW THE WHOLE DAMN THING.

STRANGE PART IS-- THE WAY SHE FELL--IT LOOKED LIKE SHE WAS PUSHED.

BY WHO?

NOT ***WHO. WHAT.*** FOLKS SAY SOMETHING EVIL LIVES IN THE HOUSE, A DEMON MAYBE.

I WAS SKEPTICAL AT FIRST, BUT THREE PEOPLE HAVE DIED HERE UNDER UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT SORT OF NONSENSE.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

THE DOLL I WANTED! I LOVE IT! THANK YOU!

WHAT WRONG, SWEETHEART? IT'S THE SET YOU PICKED OUT.

AGNES GOT A BETTER PRESENT THAN ME.

BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU ASKED FOR, KATHERINE. YOU DON'T EVEN LIKE DOLLS.

I'LL SHARE HER WITH YOU.

I DON'T WANT A STUPID DOLL. YOU ALWAYS GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT EARLIER. MOM AND DAD SAID THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STORE TOMORROW AND YOU CAN GET WHATEVER YOU WANT.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT ANYMORE. LET'S TELL BEDTIME STORIES. I'LL GO FIRST.

A LONG, LONG TIME AGO, ANOTHER GIRL LIVED IN THIS HOUSE, AND THIS WAS HER BEDROOM. ONE NIGHT, SHE COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP BECAUSE IT FELT LIKE SOMEONE WAS WATCHING HER.

WHO WAS IT?

NOT ***WHO. WHAT.*** A RED-EYED DEMON WATCHED HER FROM THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, BUT SHE COULDN'T SEE IT BECAUSE IT WAS INVISIBLE. BUT THE DEMON COULD SEE HER.

I DON'T LIKE THIS STORY. IT'S TOO SCARY.

DON'T BE SUCH A BABY. THE DEMON WAITED UNTIL THE GIRL FELL ASLEEP THAT NIGHT, AND WHEN SHE DID...IT TORE OUT HER GUTS!

YOUR SISTER WAS TERRIFIED. WHY WOULD YOU TELL HER A STORY LIKE THAT WHEN YOU KNOW SHE GETS SCARED EASILY?

IT'S NOT MY FAULT SHE'S AFRAID OF EVERYTHING!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO JEALOUS OF HER, BUT THE BULLYING HAS TO STOP. IT ENDS TODAY.

I'M NOT JEALOUS OF AGNES!

I WISH SHE'D NEVER BEEN BORN.

I'M SICK OF YOU AND YOUR STUPID DOLL!

REMEMBER THIS NEXT TIME YOU THINK ABOUT TATTLING ON ME.

PLEASE DON'T DROP HER! I'M SORRY!

TOO LATE.

GIVE HER BACK!

AAHHHH!

HELP ME, KATHERINE! PULL ME UP!

I DON'T THINK SO.

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

AGNES' STUFF IS TAKING UP TOO MUCH SPACE IN MY ROOM. I DON'T KNOW WHY MOM WON'T GET RID OF IT.

SHE DOESN'T NEED IT ANYMORE. I'M THROWING THAT STUPID DOLL IN THE BASEMENT.

WHO WROTE THAT?

if you want to know the truth about the house i wouldn't do that

if you want to know the truth about the house i wouldn't do that

Agnes

TWO DAYS LATER.

I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HOUSE, AGNES, OR YOU WOULD'VE TOLD ME BY NOW.

the house doesn't want me to tell you

I DON'T CARE! TELL ME ANYWAY!

IT'S BEEN A WEEK. I'M TIRED OF WAITING. TELL ME THE HOUSE'S SECRET!

take me back to the place where i died

OKAY, WE'RE HERE. TELL ME THE SECRET.

I'M NOT AGNES.

I JUST NEEDED YOU TO GET ME OUT OF THAT HOUSE. I'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THERE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

YOU'RE THE THING THAT KILLED EVERYONE.

THE VERY ONE. AND NOW, THANKS TO YOU, I'M FINALLY FREE. WHICH MEANS...

I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE!

SHOVE!

NO!!

IF I'M GOING OVER, YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!

ROAARR!

A MONTH LATER.

DON'T GO TOO FAR!

OKAY!

FOR SOLD

I CAN FIX THIS UP.

ANOTHER FAMILY THINKS THEY GOT A GREAT DEAL ON THEIR NEW HOME. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW, THEY'RE MOVING INTO A REAL ***DOLL*** HOUSE. *HEH. HEH.*

END

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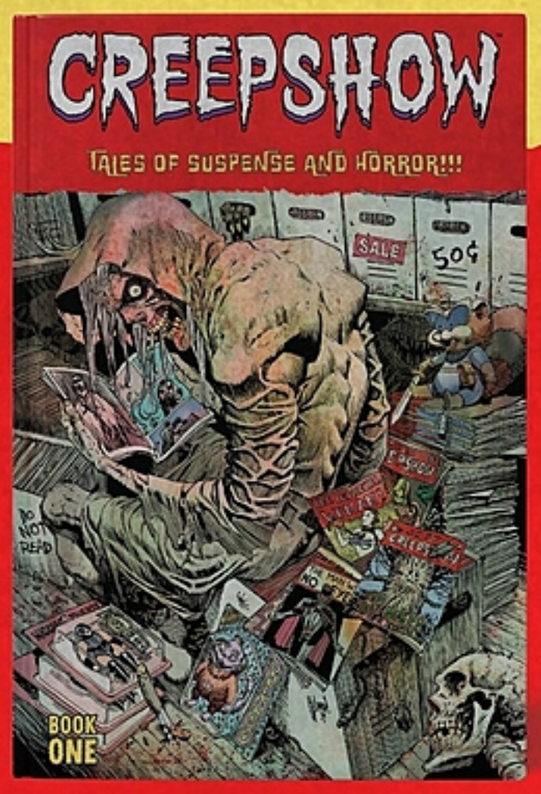

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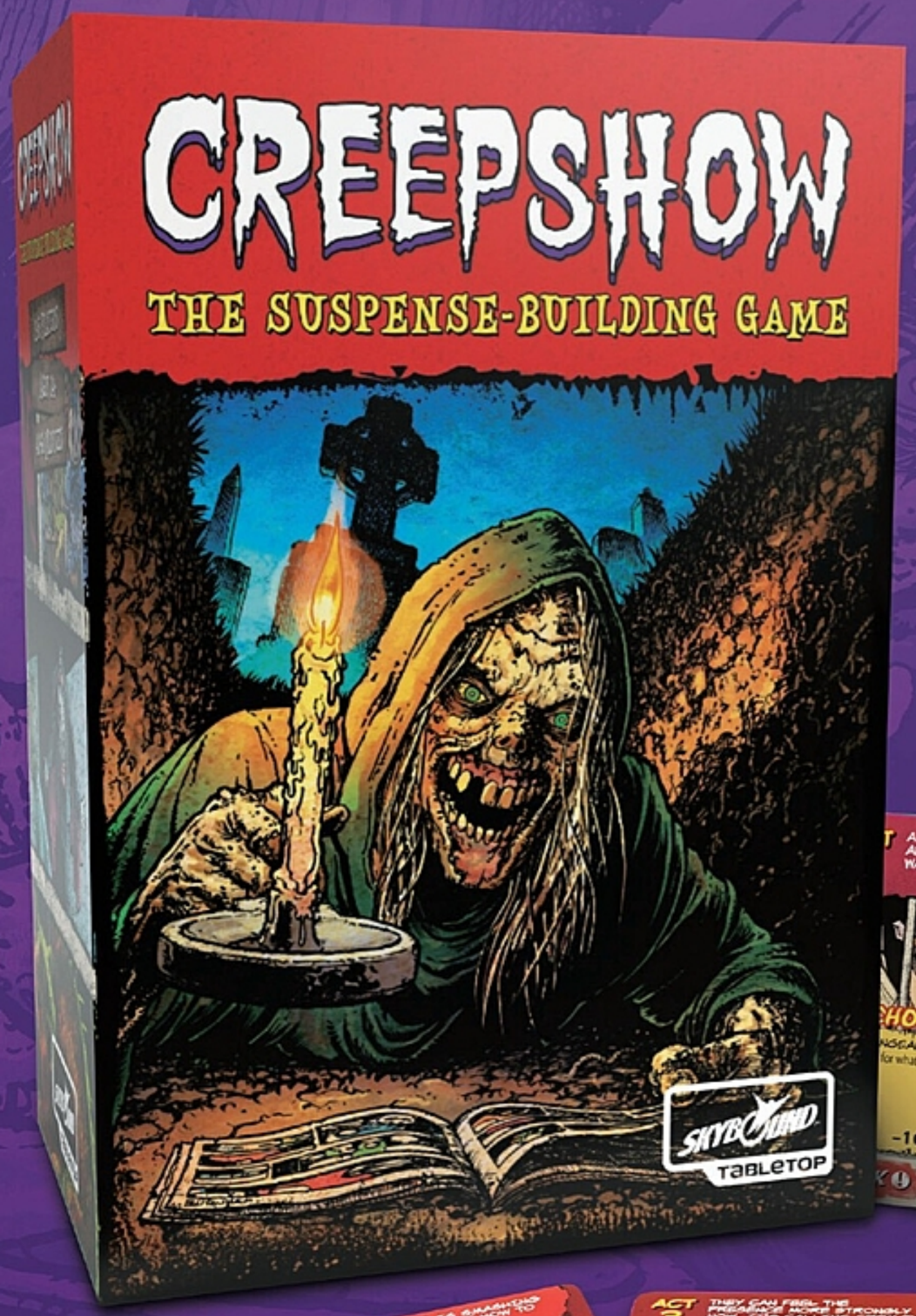

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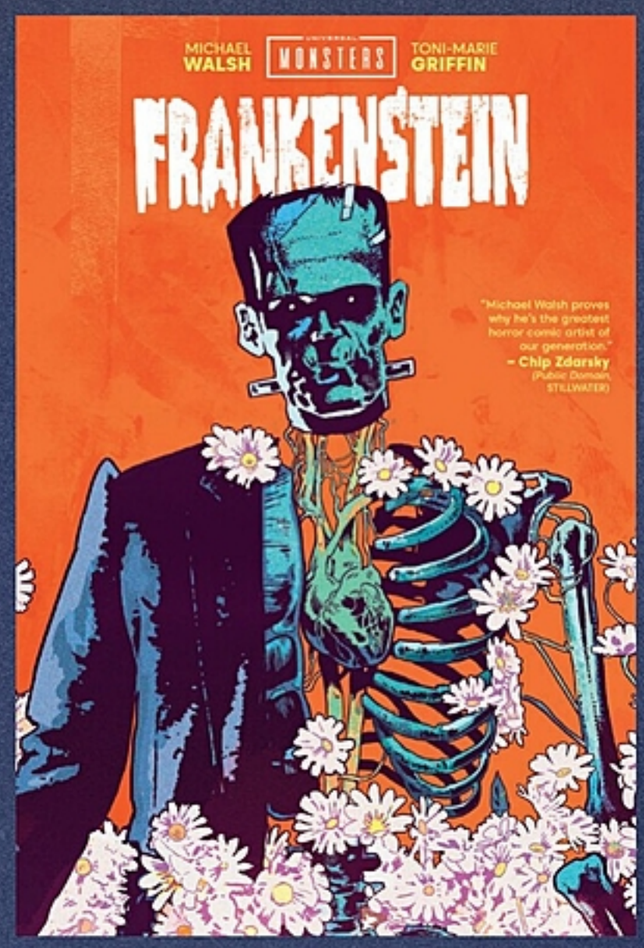

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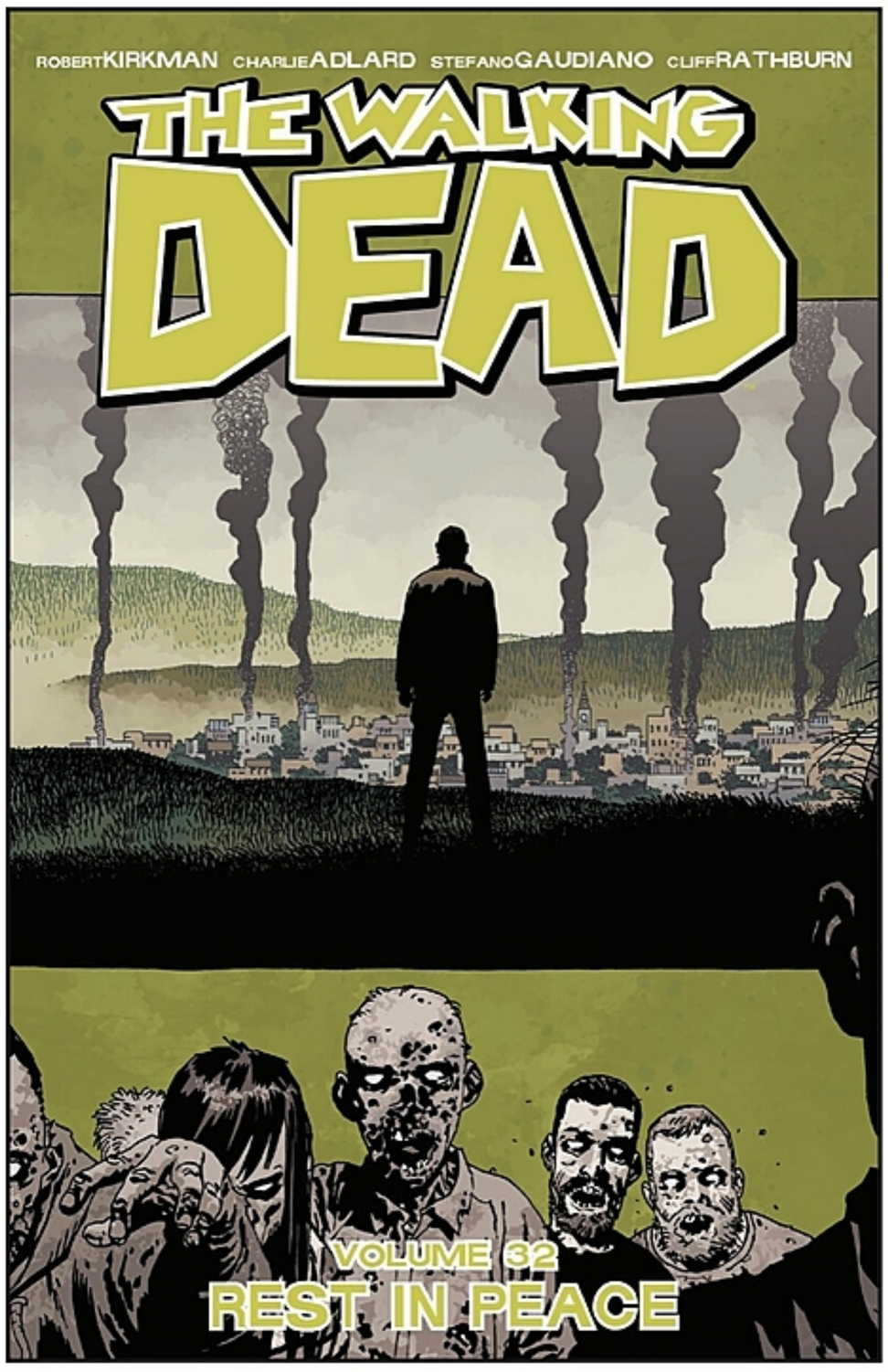

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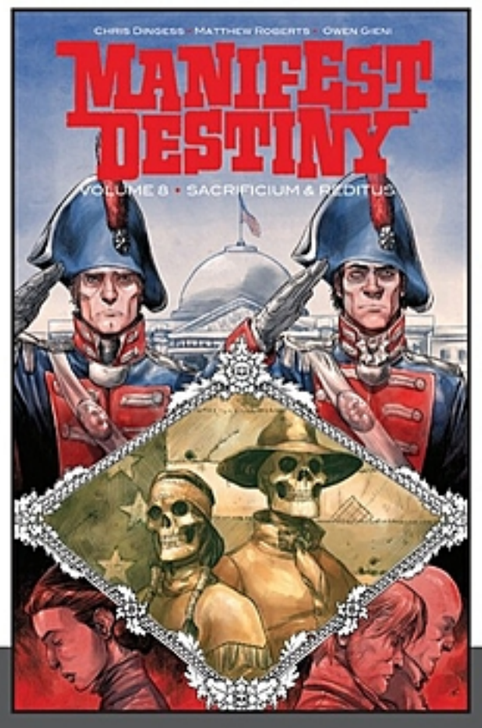

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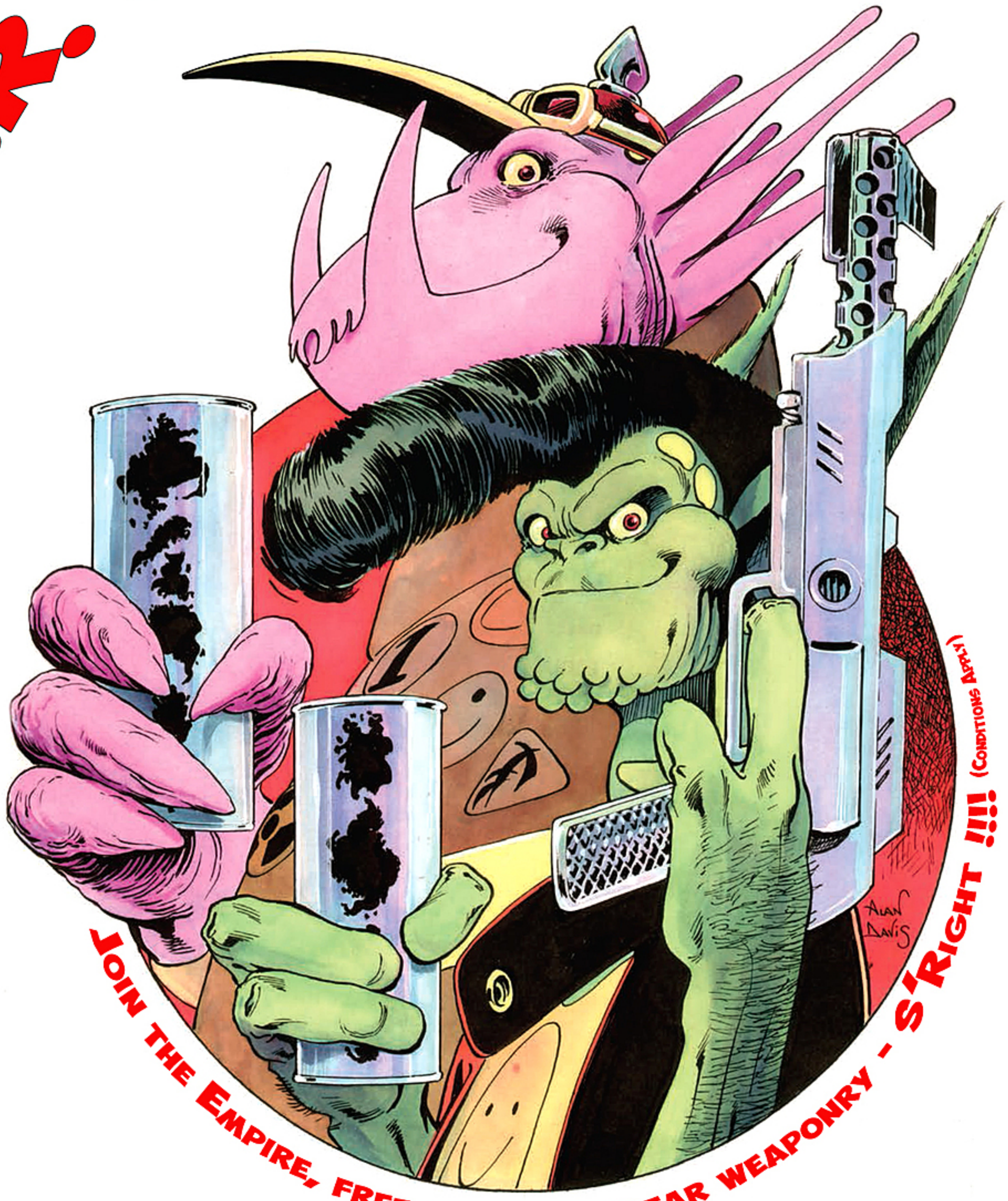

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